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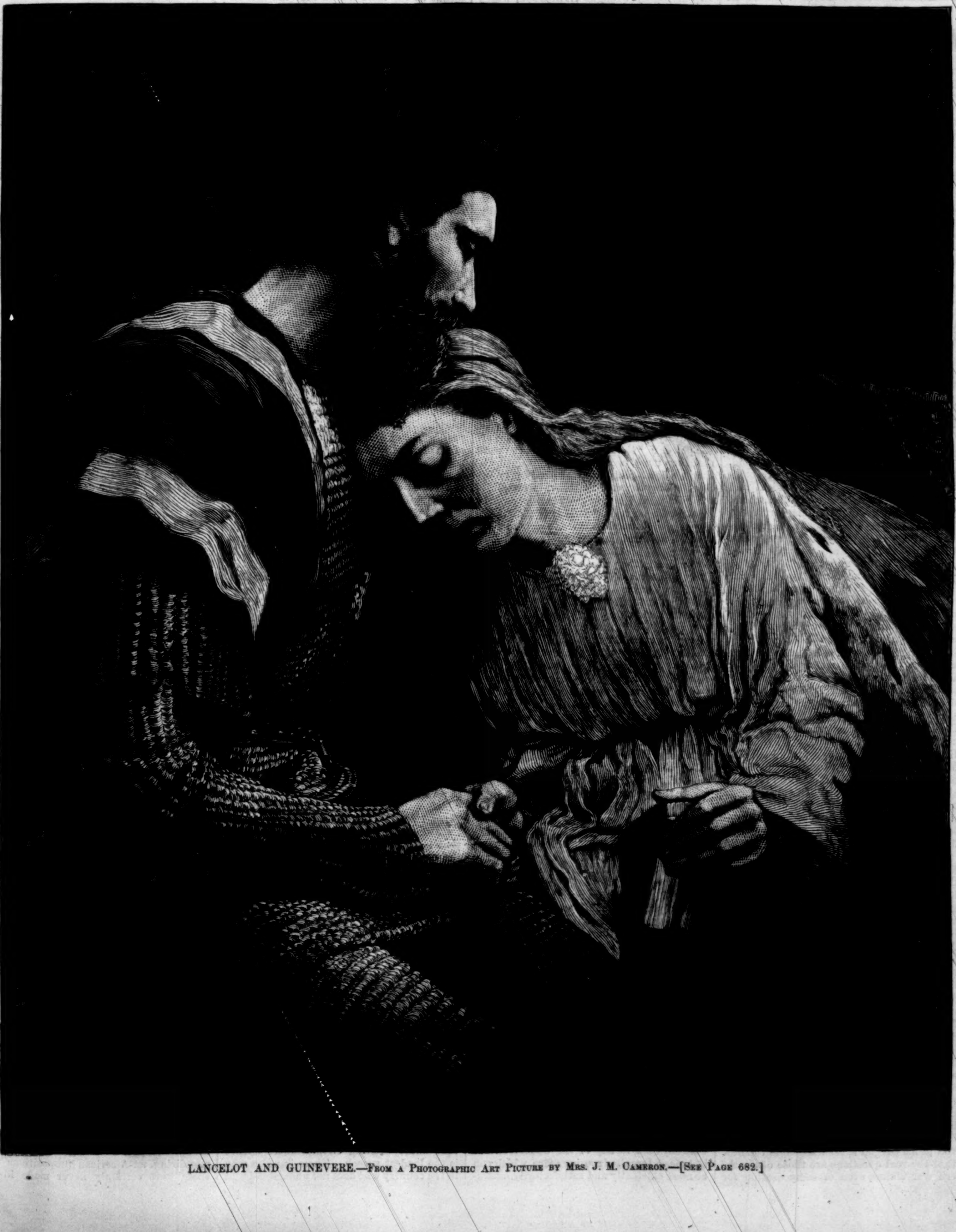

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC ART PICTURE BY MRS. J. M. CAMERON.—[SEE PAGE 682.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

☞ *In the* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found a spirited picture of the bombardment of Rustchuk, and one of the Breaking up of a Cossack Camp, an interesting story, etc.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT is not surprising that the railroad riots of the summer, the repudiation of the State bonds by the Georgia Constitutional Convention, the numerical force shown by the repudiationists in the Virginia Democratic Convention, the demand of the Ohio Democrats for the absolute repeal of the Resumption Act and the unlimited remonetization of silver, the proposed Republican declaration of the same kind by Senator STANLEY MATTHEWS, the Republican demand in Ohio for Congressional regulation of wages and profits, and the Republican financial trimming in Iowa, have all seriously alarmed commercial and financial circles in Europe, and that American credit abroad is in a fair way to be destroyed. These are all questions, as the New York *Times* truly remarks, upon which good citizens, of whatever party, who think alike, must stand together. The mere party cry is silenced. There is a feeling in the Republican party which favors the repeal of the Resumption Act, and demands the absolute remonetization of silver, and the shrinking of the Ohio Convention from a simple and bold declaration upon the subject shows a consciousness of the extent and depth of the feeling. On the other hand, the shameless declaration of the Ohio Democrats shows that the party in that State is wholly under the control of the inflation sentiment.

Indeed, the paramount questions of vital public interest are those upon which the great parties have no distinctive ground. Questions of tariff, of subsidies, of resumption, the whole range of economical and financial and industrial questions, which, by the settlement of "the Southern question," have risen into commanding prominence, divide each party in its own camp. It is foolish to refer or appeal to the former position of Whigs and Democrats. This generation knows no Whigs, and there are no Democratic "principles" as such. Forty years ago the Democratic party was a hard-money party. Now it is in great part a soft-money party. This total change illustrates the difference of the times. If its doctrinaires call it a free-trade or revenue-tariff party, they are met by the inquiry how the supporter of a policy the support of which implies at least intelligent reflection can act with a party that in so many quarters demands repudiation and inflation. The Democratic party forty years ago strenuously opposed, on constitutional grounds, HENRY CLAY's American system, including national aid to private enterprises. But here are the Mississippi Democrats favoring all constitutional aid possible to the Texas and Pacific Railroad. On the other hand, the Republican party was formed for the settlement of other than economical and financial questions.

No attentive observer of events can doubt that the test of political sagacity at this time is in seeing how existing parties can be conformed to existing issues. To disregard those issues, to insist that the old are still as pressing as ever, is to be fatally blind. There is no honorable Republican, for instance, who would betray any threatened principle or unfortunate person. But there are a great many honorable Republicans who see that the personal protection of the colored citizens in the Southern States is committed by the fundamental law to the local and not to the national authority. Such Republicans naturally and honorably insist that, while the amendments shall be faithfully enforced by the national government, yet, as they have not been disregarded by the Administration, and as there is no reason to suppose that they will be, and as there are other vast and engrossing public interests, the party must be brought into living relations with them. Senator MORTON in his Oregon speech attempts to show that the real questions are those of Southern war claims, even of compensation for slaves. But if he forgot, nobody else forgets, that the Constitution forbids such compensation, and that a "solid South" can not alter the Constitution. The movement for a working-men's party, the radical differences in the old party conventions, the unsparing criticism of fellow-partisans and of the course of the Administration in the Republican press—which is not to be deprecated—the same intestine feuds in the Democratic party, the universal consciousness of the imperative necessity of addressing ourselves to actual issues, are all unmistakable signs of the condition of parties and of the political situation.

REASONABLE REFORM.

AN intelligent friend, sincerely desirous of reasonable reform, writes that if the despotic hand of the present office-holding priesthood be raised, by the order of the President, from the mass of the voters, those voters will only fall under a harder hand. In our highly wrought civilization, which forces every body to be engrossed in his calling, offices, he thinks, can no more be divided from politics than wages from labor. Such views from a thoughtful source are worthy of careful consideration. But our friend would hardly decline to relieve his child of measles because he might afterward have scarlet fever. We must deal with the existing evil, and not be discouraged by the thought that man is not perfect. The plain tendency of the office-holding despotism in politics is to a corruption that imperils the government. It is possible that if it were overthrown it might be succeeded by something more swiftly tending to the same end. But while that future mischief is merely possible, it would hardly justify acquiescence in the present evil. If, indeed, it could be shown that a successful effort to heal a broken leg must result in a broken neck, it would be wise to endure the lesser fracture. But that is not this case.

Moreover, the reform of the service does not concern elective offices, and therefore there is no division of those from politics. Indeed, the play of a proper ambition for elective offices, which is the health of sound politics, as opening the opportunity to mould or affect measures and policies, is checked and paralyzed by the present system. The condition of nomination and election is very largely the favor of "the machine." To give the places of which we speak a tenure of proved fitness and good behavior is to take away one of the chief illicit sources of the power of "the machine." That the consequence must necessarily be injurious, either by destroying political activity or by establishing a worse machine, is certainly not shown in England, where the experiment has been tried. It is true that there is a larger leisure class there than here with a taste and training for public life. But when the higher elective offices in this country are really the prizes of ability and proper ambition, instead of grist ground out of a machine, there will be no lack of the right kind of men to fill them. But waiving this, the assertion is that while there may properly enough be examinations and tenures of good service for minor clerks and such others, yet that the chief Federal offices must still be political prizes. This, however, is not logical. Among such offices would, of course, be reckoned the important Collectorships. But if the Collectorship should not control subordinate places, the Collector without patronage would have only the political weight and leadership which any other unofficial citizen has. The salary alone would not tempt the kind of man who would totally disregard the salary if the patronage and consequent illicit power in politics remained. When that patronage is removed, therefore, by giving a proper tenure to the subordinate places, the office ceases to be a prize.

Moreover, the reasoning that would retain the Collectorship as a political prize would maintain the entire spoils system. If one place which has nothing whatever to do with politics should be kept as a reward for party zeal and activity, why should not another, and all others, be so? In point of fact, the customs Collectorship of New York is no more a political office than the postmastership of the smallest and remotest village in the country. But if it be made political, politics alone will determine it and all its dependencies, as experience proves. The Collectorship of New York, it is said, has been upon the whole well administered for the last twenty years. But during most of that time the distinctive duties of the office, which are largely routine duties, requiring knowledge of special laws and precedents and familiarity with mercantile affairs, only to be acquired by experience, have been more thoroughly known to a deputy, the late Assistant Collector, Mr. CLINCH, than to any of the Collectors. It is, indeed, largely a routine office, which can be most efficiently and satisfactorily administered by a person trained in its duties and with good practical sense. The way to find a proper Collector, therefore, is not to consult a political committee, but to ask first of all whether there be a deputy in the office who to the indispensable technical knowledge adds good general capacity. This is the principle of promotion which is recognized in all efficient business organization. Any great business house would prefer to fill a highly responsible place in its service with some one already in its employment, if there were such a person, than to introduce a stranger. It does not, therefore, follow that a bank ought always to promote its tellers and cashiers to its presidency, because the duties of a bank president are of a wholly different kind from those of the subordinates. But this is not true in Custom-houses and such public agencies. It is, indeed, sometimes said that a man who is fit to be a subordinate is unfit to be a chief. But the remark is disproved in every branch of human activity, unless it be meant as the mere truism that the second rate is inferior to the first rate. In fact, the ability and good sense that fit a man to be chief, make him the most efficient of subordinates, as all experience shows. To say that there must be an office-holding priesthood to manage politics, is, of course, to say that a republic is impracticable. That may be true, but we see as yet no good reason for believing it.

THE VOICE OF MAINE.

THE Maine Republican Convention, led by Mr. BLAINE, has pronounced against the Administration. It was done indirectly, but none the less emphatically. The platform condemned, by implication, the Southern policy and the civil service measures, and a resolution of ex-Governor CHAMBERLAIN warmly approving, and one of Mr. BOUTELLE, of the Bangor *Whig*, strongly disapproving, the course of the President were tabled upon a motion of Mr. BLAINE's, who assumed that the Convention knew his sentiments upon the Southern question. The hostile action of the Convention is made more significant by the fact that Senator DON CAMERON and ex-Secretary ROBESON had just been in the State, and were reported upon a visit to Mr. EUGENE HALE. Under all the circumstances, the proceedings of the Convention must be considered as the formal institution of Mr. BLAINE as the leader of the anti-Administration Republicans. In taking that position, he of course takes leave of all hope of further political advancement, for he can not suppose that the way of success lies through a division of the party, or that his position is one around which a new party can be gathered.

Mr. BLAINE's speech was plausible, but that is all. Good men in the party, he said, differ upon these questions. Let us therefore avoid heart-burnings by saying nothing about them. Let us proclaim our faith in Republican principles, remembering that in essentials there should be unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity. This is a familiar strain, but how will this position bear investigation? A party is an organization for certain political purposes. A Republican Administration is pursuing a certain course. That course is, or it is not, carrying out Republican principles. If it is, the party will naturally and instinctively applaud and support it. If it is not, it is the duty of the party to repudiate it. The Administration, indeed, may be doing unimportant things. It may be advising its foreign ministers about a uniform, or it may desire to establish a consulate in Timbuctoo. These are non-essentials upon which there might be differences of opinion, but which would certainly never prevent the general approval of the Administration by its own party friends. But the very fact that the chief interest in a convention is the question of approval, and that an exciting and significant debate springs up upon it which is only to be settled by what is called a compromise, proves that the difference is not non-essential. What is "essential" to a party if the hearty and earnest support of its own Administration is not? If the party principle upon the currency were specie payments at the earliest moment, and the Administration favored and recommended illimitable paper, would the question not be "essential," and might the convention properly say that there was undoubtedly a difference of opinion upon the subject within the party, and therefore silence was the wiser course? The objection to the Southern policy of the Administration is, as stated by those who urge it, that the President has "surrendered" the party principles. Is that not an "essential" point upon which the party ought to express itself? But, as a matter of fact, while Mr. BLAINE advocated silence as a compromise, it is perfectly clear that under existing circumstances silence is the loudest speech. There is not a man in the country who does not understand that the action of the Maine Convention was a virtual reproof of the Administration. Those who sustain the President properly voted against the indirect censure of silence. Those who oppose him voted for it, and they were four times as many. If Mr. BLAINE's intention had been to obtain a direct condemnation of the President while seeming to deprecate it, he could not have been more successful. If he had known in advance the resolution of censure, and had wished to have it read to the Convention, and having secured its loud applause, loud enough to be heard out of Maine, had desired to appear as a pacificator—in fact, if he had wished both to eat his cake and to have it, he could not have chosen his course more wisely.

What is the success, however? It is this only: that the Republicans of Maine by a great majority announce that the spirit and conduct of the Administration in dealing with the Southern States and in reforming the civil service are not, in their judgment, properly Republican. As these are the only distinctive measures yet taken, the Maine Republicans indirectly say that they prefer the "force" policy and the spoils system. Their action tends to warn all who approve the conduct of the Administration upon these points that they are, in the opinion of Maine Republicans, out of place in the Republican ranks. Mr. BLAINE's separation thus seems to be complete from what seems to us to be the sound and better judgment of the country and of the party. We do not impugn motives, nor question the sincerity of differing convictions, nor deny that there may be a large following for the Senator from Maine. But among them will not be found that immense multitude of earnest and intelligent Republicans who desire a thorough reform of the spoils system, and of those who respond to the words of WHITTIER's telegram to the old Free-Soilers on the very day of the Maine Convention: "The Slave States are free. Let us draw them closer to us by generous confidence and kind offices." The Quaker poet seems to us to be wiser than the Maine Senator.

A DANGEROUS PLANK.

As we have already said, there are many good things in the Ohio Republican platform, but its labor bureau plank has been condemned by almost the whole intelligent press of the country, and the speech of Senator MATTHEWS supporting it at the ratification meeting has received the same judgment. His proposition is, first, that Congress shall establish a national bureau of industry. This he defined in his speech as the Agricultural Bureau enlarged to embrace "the industrial system of the United States," and to be the medium by which "any laboring-man" can communicate his wishes to the government, and by which the government may "express to him the idea that that government does not regard him as an outlaw and an outcast," and that it will exercise its whole constitutional power "to bring into harmony with the necessities of his existence all the forces of society." It is a good thing to diffuse information, but it is a very bad thing to teach ignorant people that it is the business of government to furnish them the living that they can not earn for themselves. This speech makes the extraordinary assumption that the government is wholly separate from a certain class of citizens called laboring-men, of which, nevertheless, it will take especial care. It is either the merest culpable nonsense, or it is the declaration that the government of the United States should be a "paternal" and class government, and support some citizens at the expense of others. It is the wisdom and the statesmanship of Mr. JUSTUS SCHWAB.

Mr. MATTHEWS's proposition is, secondly, that Congress shall enforce "such reasonable regulations as will tend to......secure fair returns for capital invested and fair wages to employés, preventing mismanagement," etc., "upon all national highways of trade." It is incredible that this declaration should have been gravely adopted by an assembly of intelligent American citizens, of which General GARFIELD was the presiding officer. Does the constitutional power to regulate commerce between the States authorize Congress to legislate to secure fair dividends and fair wages for Tom, Dick, and Harry? What is the immediate logical and necessary meaning of all this but that when a man is out of work Congress is to secure him fair wages upon a railroad? What else could this declaration, made at this time, be supposed to mean, and what possible meaning could be more false and mischievous? In other employments than those upon railroads, apparently, fair wages are not to be secured by the government, and unemployed laborers may starve. More confusing, demoralizing, un-American propositions than these were certainly never made in this country. They involve a total misconception of the function of government and of the conditions of a republic. They logically end in "national workshops" and Communism.

It would be a fatal mistake for any voter in Ohio to suppose that these are Republican doctrines, or that they foreshow a Republican policy. If they are the faith of Ohio Republicanism, it is a party by itself. As yet, however, such doctrines are not held by any number of persons large enough to be called a political party. When they are so, as the *Nation* well says, the sole question of our politics will be how to save property from spoliation; and when that becomes the question, property ceases to be acquired, and the community lapses into barbarism. The times that are now trying the laborers upon railroads are also trying investors in railroads, and by pinching them are necessarily leading to changes in that wild policy of management which is common destruction. But in a sound system of society this is the way that prevention comes. It comes in accordance with natural laws of trade and industrial activity, not by arbitrary special and superficial efforts. If Congress and "government" should undertake to guarantee fair returns upon all capital invested, and fair wages to all laborers in the country, would prosperity and progress be assured? If Congress should fix prices for all commodities, would it be a national benefit? The Ohio proposition is to make the government do all that which experience and reason show should be left to the individual, and to destroy that personal independence and self-reliance which are the glory of free institutions. Any indication of an echo in any other State to this extraordinary suggestion would be a national misfortune.

'48 AND '77.

The meeting of the old Free-Soilers in Massachusetts on the anniversary of the Buffalo Convention of 1848 was as suggestive as that of the Maine Convention on the same day. There were a great many noted and eminent citizens at the meeting, all of whom were politically united thirty years ago, and who are severed now. The president of the day was Charles Francis Adams, and among the guests were Judge Hoar and his brother, Senator Hoar, and Francis W. Bird, with many others. But we do not understand the absence of R. H. Dana, Jun., if he be in the country. He was one of the most earnest, eloquent, and conspicuous of the Buffalo men of '48. The day was a feast of reminiscence, and the tact of all present prevented any jar upon the harmony of feeling and expression. The speech of Mr. Adams was a very interesting chapter of political history, and he read a letter of Van Buren's, hitherto unpublished, which, Mr. Adams thinks, showed him to be at that time the most courageous man of high position in either the Whig or Democratic party who was willing to bear the Free-Soil standard. Mr. Adams told the story of the consultation from which the "conscience-Whig" movement and the subsequent organization of the Republican party sprang. Mr. Adams himself, Dr. Palfrey, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and Stephen C. Phillips met in a room in the Massachusetts State-House, and decided to buy a newspaper in Boston which was then for sale, and "fight the battle of freedom in the Whig party." But the Whig nomination of General Taylor, a slave-holder and the chief agent in what they deemed a wicked war for slavery, compelled the conscience Whigs to venture upon a third nomination. It lay between Judge M'Lean, a Whig, and Martin Van Buren, a Democrat. Mr. Adams inclined to M'Lean, but foreseeing a possible difficulty, he wrote privately to Mr. Van Buren, and it is Van Buren's confidential reply that he read. At Buffalo it appeared that Judge M'Lean was afraid, and Mr. Van Buren was therefore nominated, with Mr. Adams for the Vice-Presidency, and they received more than 291,000 votes.

It was this union of old Whigs and Democrats for a third candidate that opened the way for a new party organization, which ended in the Republican; and it was certainly a singular coincidence that this graphic account of fatal party differences should have been given at the very time that the Maine Republicans were earnestly debating a grave difference of opinion. The "conscience Whigs" parted from their old party connections in Massachusetts because they saw that the Whig "machine" was determined to disregard their convictions, and they could no longer hope to secure their objects by that organization. "Content," says Mr. Adams, of the old Whig chiefs, "with the position they had gained by their public services, they were not disposed to shake it by countenancing startling problems." In Faneuil Hall Mr. Sumner appealed to Mr. Webster to lead the Whigs in an antislavery policy. But Mr. Webster coldly replied that the subject did not seem to him so important as it did to Mr. Sumner.

There comes a time in the progress of parties when the leaders are satisfied, and contemn all suggestion of new movements as visionary and foolish. The Republican party reached that point in the last year of the late Administration. Fortunately, events have given the party a chance which the old Whigs never had. If, however, the policy that was shadowed forth by Mr. Blaine should receive the approval of other Republican leaders and dominate the party, the political year 1848 will be studied still more intently. It would be melancholy to see the political heirs of the Free-Soil principle and enthusiasm forced to support the Republican party as the lesser of two evils, instead of ardently and proudly sustaining it as the means of securing the results which the changed condition of the country and the existing situation demand.

THE ATTACK UPON SECRETARY SCHURZ.

An effort has been made to cast obloquy upon Secretary Schurz because he has sometimes been paid for campaign speeches. If he had been paid and had denied it there would be some reason for blaming him, or if he had driven hard bargains he might be accused of avarice. But nothing of the kind appears. Mr. Schurz was a poor man with an ability for public speaking which was so greatly prized that he was invited to leave his occupations and stump different States, sometimes for many days, or even weeks. Of course he could not do it for nothing, and he said to the committees that if they wanted him enough to pay him he would come, but otherwise he could not afford it. The committees decided that the service was worth the sum charged, and it was paid. Mr. Schurz says, and with undoubted truth, that he has given as much time and labor to campaign work as any man in the country, if not more, and that he has done a great deal of such work in the last twenty years for nothing. It certainly is not unreasonable that an able advocate whose services are very useful, and who can not afford to give his services in continuous travel and speaking, should be paid for his work. And it is not unusual to offer any speaker payment when he is sought for a campaign in another State. We knew a Senator of the United States twenty years ago who was a poor man with a large family, and who asked and received payment for such services.

This charge is offensively made against Secretary Schurz to discredit his interest and efforts as a reformer of the spoils system of the public service, and it is made by defenders and agents of that venal system. This is not surprising. A system so miserable naturally destroys faith in high motives of public conduct, and those who defend it most lustily are those who have the utmost contempt for patriotism and political honesty. The attack upon Secretary Schurz was promptly and conclusively met by him. He did not deny that he had been sometimes legitimately paid for campaign services. No honorable man in the country will regard him less favorably for it, or doubt that the services were well worth very much more than all the money ever paid for them. It would be well if all public men who have received money for services of various kinds were as clean in the business as Mr. Schurz.

JACKSONISM.

We sometimes see it asserted that the removal of conspicuous civil agents of the government because they do not hold the views of the Administration as to the principle of appointment is, after all, mere Jacksonism. The very reproach of Jackson, it is said, is that he removed for a difference of opinion; how, then, can President Hayes correct the abuse of Jacksonism by doing precisely the same thing? This is a specious but exceedingly shallow quibble. President Jackson removed good officers because they would not use the patronage of their positions for political and personal ends. President Hayes, upon the supposition, would remove them because they would use their patronage for such ends. That is not precisely the same thing; it is precisely a different thing. President Jackson said, in effect, "You are a good officer, but I want this office administered for my benefit and that of my political friends, and as you do not consent, I remove you." President Hayes says, "You are a good officer, but I do not want this office administered for party or personal ends, my own or any other, and as you think it should be so used, I remove you." The cases are absolutely different.

The President is persuaded, with a great multitude of the most intelligent citizens in the country, that the partisan and political abuse of the civil service is an enormous evil. He finds conspicuous subordinate places of large patronage, like the Collectorships of New York and Boston, filled with officers who honestly approve and maintain the abuse. The law gives those officers the appointment of their subordinates. It is through that power that the abuse is supported and perpetuated. The radical correction of the abuse lies, therefore, in preventing the misuse of that power. The only security that the President can have of the sincere and efficient co-operation of the chief officer is his hearty agreement and desire that the old mischief should be remedied. The President may, therefore, most properly remove a good officer who supports the abuse, and replace him with a good officer who will correct it. Undoubtedly the removal would be due to a difference of opinion. But it is a difference of opinion as to the discharge of one of the most important duties of the office, that of appointment; and it is, therefore, the kind of difference that in every business legitimates removal.

The President's prohibition of the prostitution of patronage to the control of primaries and conventions is designed to reach the same result indirectly. He forbids the kind of action for which place has hitherto been both motive and reward, and thus seeks to prevent the misuse of the power of minor appointment. Under existing laws and circumstances, and pending a matured system of determining such appointments, such an order is most timely and effective. Its operation has already shown that in the city of New York the power of "the Custom-house" over all party action, including nominations for the highest State offices, United States Senators, and Presidential electors, was absolute. And it is to this kind of official party despotism in all parts of the country, necessarily degrading the standards of party action and intensifying the stupid ferocity of party spirit, that the misfortunes of the Republican party are so largely due. The difference between Jacksonism and the policy of President Hayes is that the first sought to make the vast system of the civil service a Jackson propaganda, while the second proposes to confine it to the faithful discharge of the public business.

PERSONAL.

The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, one of the leading Liberal members of Parliament, visited when in this country the grave of his father in East Tennessee, and as a memorial of that visit made a liberal benefaction to the Quaker school at Friendsville, which is designed to enable young men and women of small means to secure the thorough education which would otherwise be denied to them.

—Secretary Schurz was last season paid at the rate of $1200 a week for lectures by a Boston lecture bureau, and a handsome profit resulted to the bureau at that.

—The farm of Tom Paine at New Rochelle, New York, given to him by the State of New York in consideration of the great service done to the public by his writings on public questions, was advertised to be sold recently under a mortgage foreclosure. Cobbett came over here in 1819, exhumed the remains of Paine, took them with him to England, where they were passed from one hand to another until it is not known at present where his osseous parts do rest. Apropos of Cobbett and Paine, the following verse, written by Lord Byron in 1820, soon after the bones had re[illegible]ed England, have a fresh interest:

> "In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
> Will Cobbett has done well;
> You visit him on earth again,
> He'll visit you in hell."

—Among the gentlemen of this city who are notable for having persistently refused all solicitation to be put before the public at great public meetings or great organizations purporting to be for the public good, is Mr. James Lenox, who has already, in his own quiet way and without the aid of committees or associations or any sort of extraneous aid, founded and endowed a library and a hospital that are not only spacious and indestructible, but perfect in every appliance that science, utility, and adaptability could suggest. Although the inheritor of large wealth, and possessing the most cultivated and refined tastes, Mr. Lenox's way of life has been remarkable for its simplicity. Beyond the very moderate expenses of his household, his entire income, it is understood, has been devoted to religious and philanthropic objects, and his most appropriate memorial will be found in the noble institutions to which we have referred.

—Commodore Swift, who died a few days since at Geneva, New York, when asked by a friend how he felt, replied, "My log is ready; I have only to hand it in."

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks, Boston's most eloquent Episcopal preacher, says that a backwoodsman, on hearing Bishop Mead preach a sermon in a frontier church without a manuscript, said, "He is the first of them fine fellers that I have ever seen who could shoot without a rest."

—Mr. Lewis Brooks, of Rochester, New York, who died a few days ago, was one of those wealthy bachelor gentlemen, like Girard and Peabody, who are averse to the turbulence and turbidness of political life, but devoted the latter years of their lives to administering upon their own estates and making benefactions to institutions promotive of education. He had, in an anonymous way, given $120,000 to the University of Virginia, $10,000 to the Rochester City Hospital, $10,000 to the St. Mary's Hospital, and $5000 each to the Rochester Industrial School and Female Charitable Society. In his quiet, unostentatious way he spent his closing years in finding out deserving objects of benevolence and giving to them liberal donations.

—Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, who died a short time since at Bombay, was one of the most public-spirited and philanthropic men in India. His father, who bore the same name, was the first native of India to receive an English title. Like his son, he was famous for his benevolence, expending in the endowment of charitable institutions the sum of $1,250,000.

—It is not the Englishman, Scotchman, nor Irishman who has walked off with the honors of oratory at the great Pan-Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh, but the American and the Frenchman. Out of the 300 men who composed that remarkable body, the one who quickest commanded attention is said to be Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Louisville, Kentucky. Whenever he rose to speak, you could hear a pin fall; then presently there was such an ebullition of applause or such a roar of laughter that you could hardly hear what the speaker said. Dr. Hall, Dr. Adams, and Dr. Paxton, of New York, had their admirers, who pronounced them the most eloquent men living. But the professors and teachers, whether Scotch or American, were rather inclined to admire the passionate eloquence of the French, and the finest impression was made by Dr. Godet, of Neuchâtel, long known for his commentaries on St. Luke and St. John.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Maine Democratic State Convention met at Portland, August 14, and nominated Joseph F. Williams, of Augusta, for Governor. The New Jersey Independent Greenback Convention met the same day, at Trenton, and nominated General Thomas D. Hoxsey, of Paterson, for Governor.

Early on the morning of August 12 an armed band of fifteen or twenty men crossed from the Mexican side into Rio Grande City, attacked the jail, and released two notorious criminals, murderers and horse-thieves, wounding the county attorney and three jailers severely. The United States troops pursued them to the frontier, but failed to catch them. Demands were then made upon the Mexican authorities for the return of the outlaws. Mexican troops are concentrating at Camargo, opposite Ringgold Barracks.

The coroner's jury in the Oceanport railroad disaster case rendered a verdict censuring the bridgeman for giving the safety signal without first seeing that the draw was securely fastened.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The Turkish right wing in Armenia assumed the offensive, August 5, along the whole line from Tschiagyi Pass to Karavansarai Pass. A number of Bashi-Bazouks and Kurds, supported by six infantry battalions, coming from Yara and Kundschacpa, drove in the Russian outposts, and there was skirmishing along the picket lines the whole day. After occupying Alikotschak, the Turks endeavored to take Khalfalut, but were repulsed.—Mukhtar Pasha telegraphs, under date of August 8, as follows: "Two Russian columns have attacked our position at Kadukiar, a third column has marched on Ani [twenty-five miles east of Kars], and our left wing has also been attacked between Sotian and Guenliviren. The Russians, although re-enforced, were twice repulsed, and compelled to retire to their camp."—Suleiman Pasha, on August 12, announced that Rassam Pasha has retaken Kartova and disarmed the Bulgarians, who lost 500 killed.—It is reported that on July 31, the day of the Russian evacuation of Eski Saghra, the Turks ordered that all Christians, men, women, and children, should be shot as they left their houses. Those who remained within were burned alive. The order was given to burn down and destroy every particle of Christian property in the place. Many leading Turkish merchants took part in the affair.—The London *Standard's* correspondent at Constantinople reports that an alliance between Roumania and Servia has been concluded. The Roumanians and Servians celebrated the alliance by mutually saluting each other's flags at Gladova on the frontier. It is expected that the Russians and Roumanians will almost immediately enter Servia and be joined by the Servians, who are constructing strong works upon the Timok and at Alexinatz.—The London *Times* correspondent at Vienna summarizes the situation, August 15, as follows: "In the Balkans fragments of General Gourkho's corps are intrenching themselves in the Shipka Pass. The Eighth Corps, appointed to support them, is echeloned between Selvi Brenova and Tirnova. A division of the Eleventh Corps occupies Koyarawitz. Against these troops, which form the bulk of the Russian forces in Western Bulgaria, a Turkish army corps is slowly but steadily advancing from Shumla, *via* Osman-Bazar. Suleiman Pasha, too, with a portion of his army, is advancing in the direction of Elena. Lastly, some of Osman's men are marching from Lovatz on Gabrova. The Russian re-enforcements are more than counterbalanced by the troops which the Turks are receiving from Asia."—The Russians acknowledge the loss of 14,459 men killed and wounded, up to August 9.—The Prince of Montenegro has abandoned the siege of Nicsics to march against the Turkish troops who are endeavoring to enter Montenegro.—The Russians are said to have evacuated Elena and Belbrova and nearly all the country up to Tirnova. Suleiman Pasha's advance guard is close to Gabrova.—The siege of Rustchuk is virtually raised.

The British steamer *Eten* was wrecked off the coast of Chili, July 15, and 123 lives were lost.

The famine in Southern India is increasing in severity, and is likely to continue for six months to come. In Madras 1,500,000 people are being fed by the government, and over 500,000 have died.

The British Parliament was prorogued August 14. In the course of her Speech, referring to the Eastern war, the Queen said: "The exertions which, since the commencement of the disturbances in Eastern Europe, I have not ceased to make for the maintenance of general peace, unfortunately have not been successful. On the outbreak of the war between Russia and the Ottoman Empire, I declared my intention of preserving an attitude of neutrality as long as the interests of the country remain unaffected. The extent and nature of those interests were further defined in a communication which I caused to be addressed to the government of Russia, and which elicited a reply indicating friendly dispositions on the part of that state. I shall not fail to use my best efforts, when a suitable opportunity occurs, for the restoration of peace on terms compatible with the honor of the belligerents and with the general safety and welfare of other nations. If in the course of the contest the rights of my empire should be assailed or endangered, I should confidently rely on your help to vindicate and maintain them."

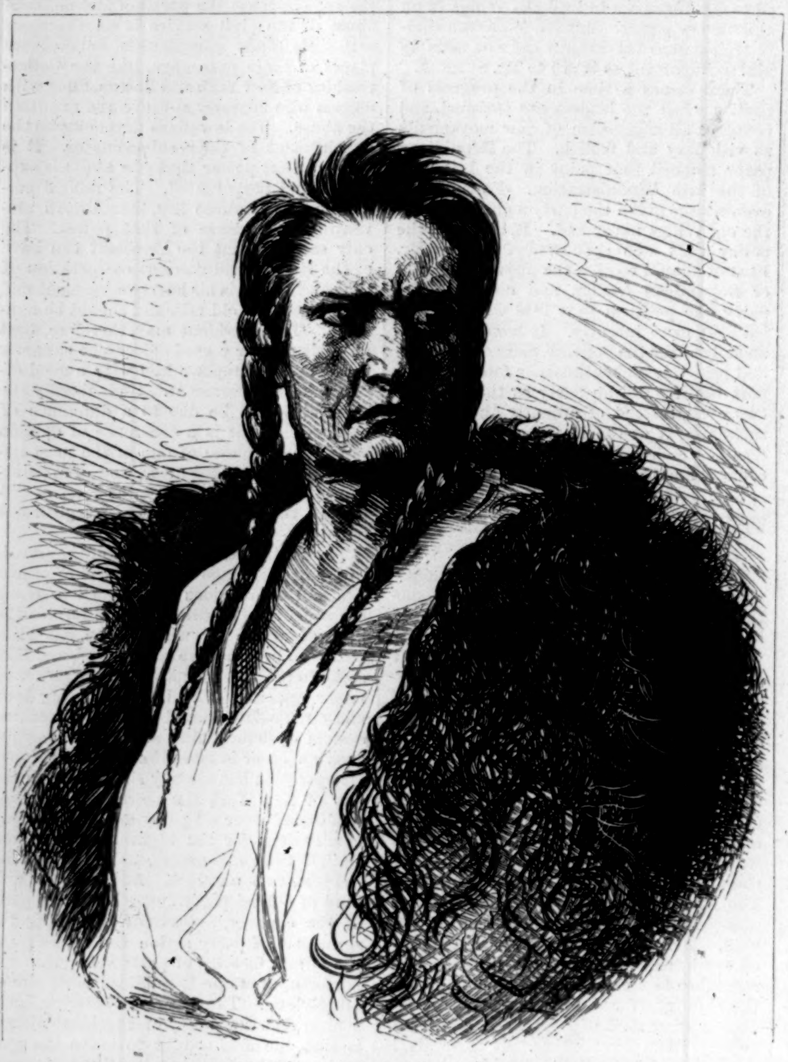
The new convention concluded between Great Britain and Egypt for the suppression of the slave-trade is published. It is very stringent, and entirely prohibits the export or import of negro slaves. Egyptian slave-traders will be tried by court-martial as assassins. Foreigners will be handed over to their own tribunals. British cruisers are authorized to capture slavers hoisting the Egyptian flag. The Khedive engages to abolish all private traffic in slaves in Egypt within seven years, and within twelve years in the Soudan and frontier provinces.

CHIEF JOSEPH.

OUR portrait of the redoubtable Indian warrior who, at the head of the disaffected portion of the Nez Percés tribe, is now waging war against the United States forces in the far West, shows him to be a man of intelligence and strength of character. He is certainly a shrewd and active fighter, and his influence over the Indians is very great. The Nez Percés nation numbers, all told, between four and five thousand, including women and children. Of this number some 2500 are, by the acts of their chiefs and head men, parties to the treaty made in 1855, by which they agreed to relinquish their proprietary rights to their lands, except a large reservation, which then included the extensive mining regions in Idaho known as Oro Fino, Elk City, Florence, the Wallowa Valley, and other camps on the Salmon River. Subsequently, when the miners from California, Oregon, and other mining countries began to flock into these mines by the hundreds and thousands in search of the precious metals, it was thought advisable to make another treaty with these Indians, so as to curtail the boundaries of their reservation, and leave the miners and others to pursue their mining avocations in peace and quietness. Accordingly an appropriation of $30,000 was made by Congress, and in May, 1863, the Commissioners, consisting of Captain HALE, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, Messrs. HOWE and HUTCHINS, were sent to the Lapwai, some twelve miles above the town of Lewiston, to make said treaty.

A portion of the tribe, however, under Chief JOSEPH, father of the present chief, would have nothing to do with this bargain, and are known as the non-treaty Indians. But they have always remained peaceful and quiet, and were incited to hostilities only in defense of their lands against the encroachments of the whites. JOSEPH and his band were in quiet possession of the Wallowa Valley, which runs down to the Snake River, below the Salmon and nearly opposite to Grand Round, in Oregon. The Snakes occupied it by superior force till driven out by General CROOK; then the JOSEPH band took possession of it, it being part of the lands claimed and formerly and for fifty years owned by the Nez Percés. It is said that these Indians had assurances from the War Department that they should not be molested, and great was their indignation when General HOWARD ordered them to leave within thirty days to go on the Lapwai reservation and join the treaty faction, which they ostensibly did. They left, but, in fact, left to inform all the non-treaty tribes, with their allies, to make war to the bitter end to regain what of rights they believe to be their own. And it must be allowed that they have a great deal of right on their side.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* predicts a long and bloody war with the Nez Percés Indians and their allies. He believes that 5000 men will be required to subdue them. They can bring into the field 1200 warriors, brave and well armed, and capable of holding their own against a vastly superior force of troops. Their mode of fighting, their knowledge of the country, the ease and celerity with which they shift their quarters and attack or retreat, give them a great advantage over the soldiers.



JOSEPH, THE NEZ PERCÉS WARRIOR.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN ARMY OFFICER.]

THE OCCUPATION OF TIRNOVA.

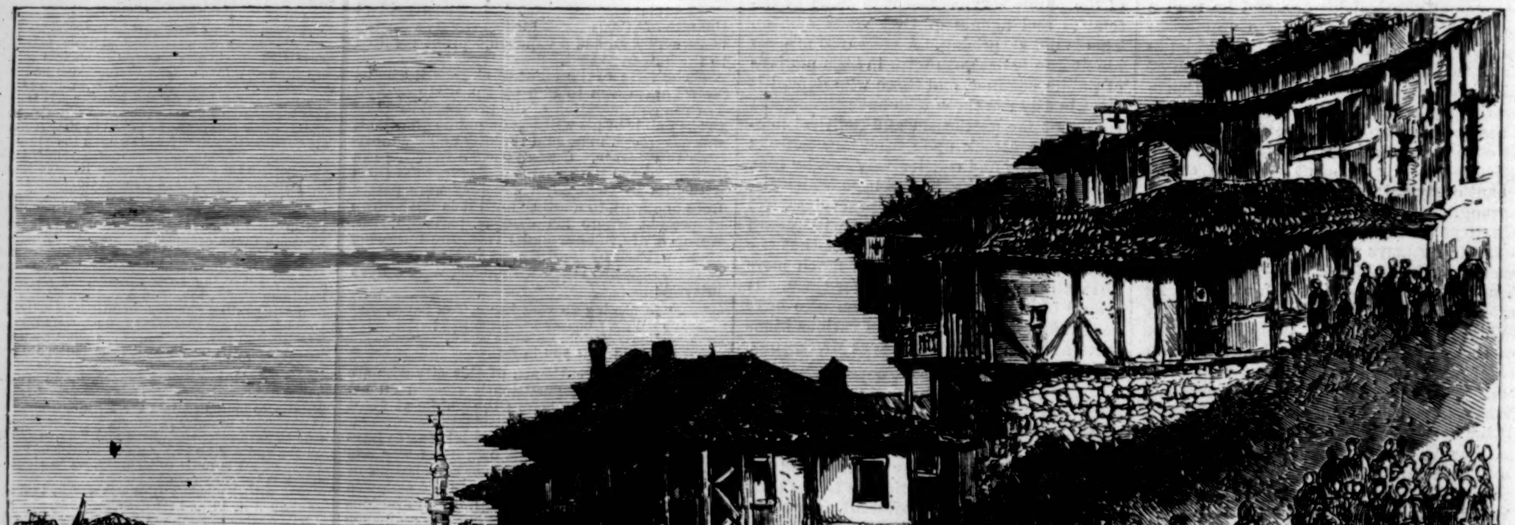
TIRNOVA, the ancient capital of the Bulgarian Czars, was occupied by an advanced post of the Russians on the 7th of July, but it was not until the 12th that the main body of the army under the Grand Duke NICHOLAS made its triumphal entry into the town. The place ranked formerly among the chief towns of Bulgaria, but at the present time owes its importance mainly to its strategical position. The population amounts to about 15,000, and the town contains numerous mosques, churches, and synagogues, which represent the various faiths and nationalities of the inhabitants. The fortifications of Tirnova are redoubtable, the town being surrounded by hills, upon which strong earth-works have been constructed. The citadel is a grand old castle, formerly the residence of the rulers of Bulgaria.

Tirnova is situated upon the Jantra, thirty-five miles to the southeast of Sistova. This river rises in the Balkans, and after flowing northward for seventy-five miles, pours its waters into the Danube. Tirnova became one of the objective points of the Russians from the fact that there is a good road leading from it to the Kazan Pass. This gorge in the Balkans is about forty-five miles to the southeast of the town. The Shipka Pass is also within six days' march of Tirnova, and this is said to be the most practicable of all the Balkan roads. The two roads leading southward from Sistova and Rustchuk, on the Danube, meet at Senoivze, a village some ten miles north of Tirnova.

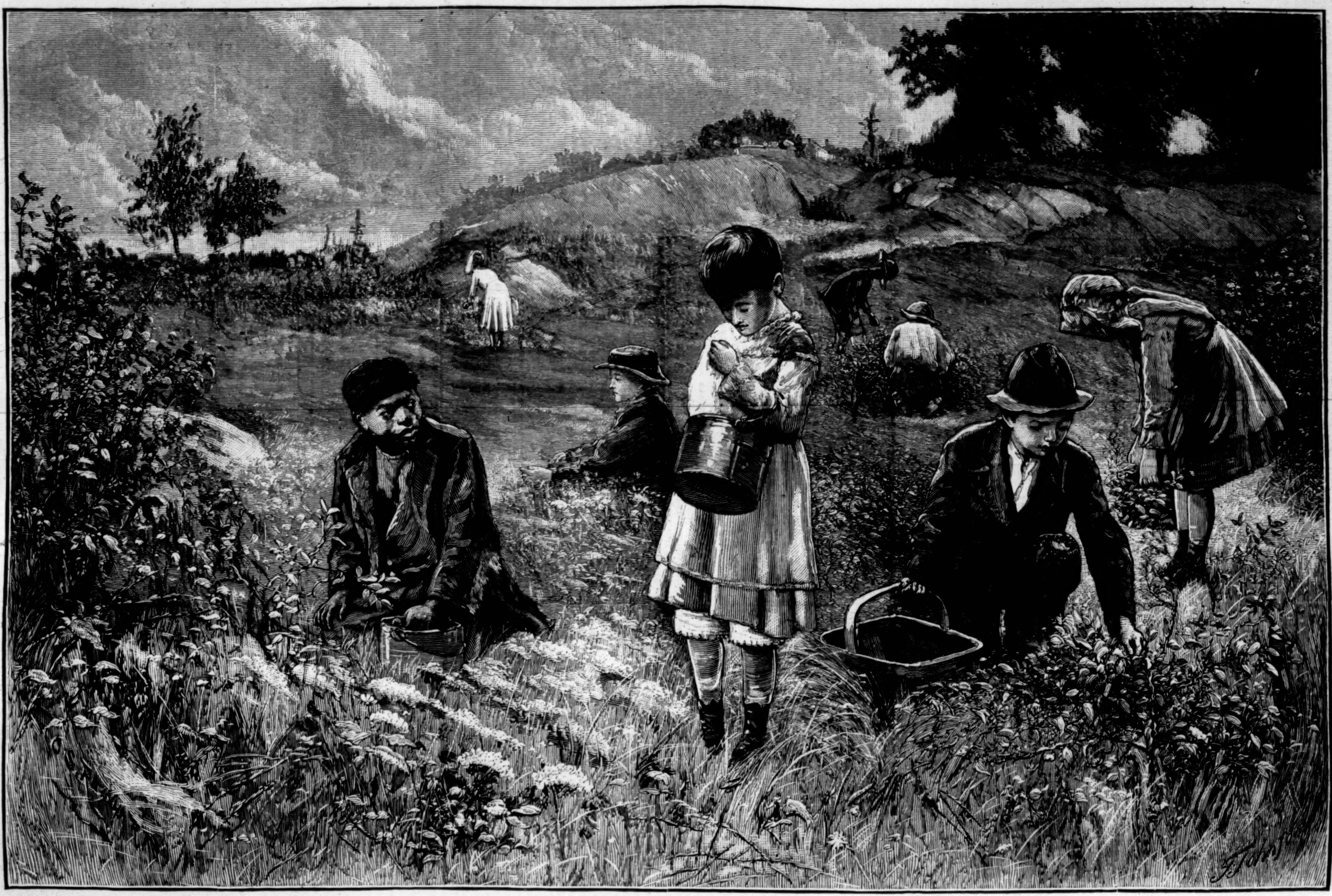
The activity which the Russians have shown in pushing their way into the interior of Bulgaria was fully exemplified by the march to Tirnova. Scarcely had the army established itself at Sistova, where the great crossing took place, than detachments were started toward the south. Between this point and Senoivze there were one or two slight encounters with the Turks, but they were of too insignificant a character to check the Russian advance. At Senoivze, where the two roads join, there was a more serious engagement. The invading forces were met by a retreating detachment of Turks. Victory clung to the Russian flag, however, and the unfortunate Turks were soon routed and fleeing in the direction of Biela, on the road to Rustchuk.

At Senoivze the Russians halted until strong re-enforcements came up, when a party was sent in pursuit of the Turks retreating northward. This first detachment was constantly re-enforced as troops arrived from Sistova. Meanwhile the advance upon Tirnova continued. Another stand was made by the Turks at Nicopi, a town situated at the point where the Russita River joins the Jantra, a few miles above Tirnova. Having been dispersed and driven through the town, the retreating forces endeavored to destroy the bridge behind them, but had not time to do so before the Russians were upon them.

From this point the rush to Tirnova was precipitate. Elated with the easy manner in which the advance had been made, the foremost regiments pushed on and captured the city. After the flying column came several battalions, and the town was at once invested. The Turks had fled before the Russians entered the town, and the reception accorded the conquerors by the Bulgarian inhabitants was most enthusiastic. We cull the following extract from the correspondence of a contemporary: "When the Grand Duke entered Tirnova the people wept, prayed, and hung upon the necks of their deliverers, who were almost smothered in flowers. One saw rough cuirassiers of the guard and dirty dragoons grinning with delight as they carried armfuls of flowers as much as they could possibly manage, and had their hands seized and kissed by pretty, delicate girls. Every thing that was done came directly from the heart." The correspondent of the London *Times*, who describes the scene, lodged in the house of a watch-maker who spoke French, and was evidently intelligent. He had a daughter, young, pretty, and modest, and he had been in terror day and night lest MARITZA, the apple of his eye, should be taken away from him by Mr. CARLYLE's unspeakable Turk. The good man and his wife were childishly happy after the Russian occupation. The watch-maker even went so far as to declare that if the Turks recaptured the town, he would not wait for their cruelties, but would end his existence.



THE RUSSIAN ENTRY INTO TIRNOVA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BULGARIA.



PICKING HUCKLEBERRIES.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

THE SMALLBREED FAMILY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

MR. SMALLBREED, EXULTANT.

[See Illustration on Page 684.]

GOLLY! ain't dis jess delishes?
'Tain't no wonder dat de fishes
Crimp der noses at de fokes on lan' an' live amongst de sea,
War it's coolsome an' rewivin',
Wid de bathin' an' de divin',
An' de water turned on all de time conwenient an' free!

An' de han'some foam a-dashin',
Jess as dough dar'd bin a washin',
An' de soap-suds had been frowed out door to spangle in de sun!
An' de boats wid bands a-playin',
An' de people all hurrayin',
An' every body full of clams an' lemonade an' fun!

Roxabella, I declar', chile,
If dat way you pull my har, chile,
I'll mostly have to let you drop, my onliest cherubim;
Dar, don't cry, my lubly lily;
Look at brudder Abe an' Billy:
Who'd ever thunk dem city boys so beautiful could swim!

"Wot's dat?" A eel-fish, honey;
An' dar goes a porpuss, sonny,
De lucid water fallin' from its gole an' silber fins.
Hi! ole woman, here's a double-
Header comin', like 'twas trouble—
Turn your back an' look war brightness shines at me an' at de twins!

An' wen dis yere picnic's ober
We'll feel like fields of clober,
An' we'll have a water-million, an' carry home some shells;
An' we'll tell dem sassy niggers
Dat t'inks dey cuts such figgers,
'Cause dey own a shanty in de swamp, dat *we* am sea-side swells!

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE.

THE engraving on our first page, representing the last interview between Lancelot and Guinevere, is from one of a series of photographic illustrations to TENNYSON'S works made from living models by MRS. JULIA M. CAMERON, of London, England.

After photography had passed through the experimental stage, and its sanguine votaries had succeeded in bringing it to the earnest attention of the public, and the first blush of enthusiasm over its accomplishment had subsided, more critical examination of its work began to be made, and a more careful examination into the whys and wherefores of its excellence; and any one making a fair examination of photographs, say in his own family collection, could not but acknowledge there was a something about them which was unsatisfactory and unreal.

The real fact of the case was, at least to a certain extent, that for various optical reasons the lenses used by photographers falsify to a more or less degree, throwing the subject at times out of drawing, and again causing more or less distortion. Moreover, the excessive sharpness which one obtains by means of the lenses causes the hardness so apparent in most photographs otherwise excellent.

Various experiments were made to overcome this, but without much success. If softness were aimed at, the result was too much softness, and the images appeared "feathery," or "woolly," to use a photographic term. A happy medium could not be found. At the Exhibition of the London Photographic Society, held in the autumn of 1870, were shown some very beautiful photographs, which were exhibited by MRS. CAMERON. This lady had made previous exhibitions of her work, but the technical qualities of her manipulation were so startlingly slovenly, in the way of dirty plates and torn films and blurred images and insufficient definition, that very few took a second look at them. Photographers particularly turned up their noses at them, and held them up as examples of the very worst photographs possible; and yet withal there was a mysterious quality about them which one could scarcely explain without analyzing them carefully. There was an amount of art feeling so suggestive that it claimed attention and admiration in spite of the faults which were apparent, and this very suggestiveness tempted many art critics to go into raptures over her work as something beyond the range of ordinary photographic achievement.

While said critics were enthusiastic in their praise, the photographic artist, so far as he was educated in art principles at that time, felt the more bound to protest against the technical short-comings of MRS. CAMERON'S work, for the simple reason that, if her results were to be recognized as something worth imitating, it would be very easy to reproduce the faults without catching any of the redeeming features.

The press criticised MRS. CAMERON very severely, and yet she persisted in her work on the principles which she had established for herself; and exhibiting, as she has each year since, it has brought an influence to bear upon photography generally which has been a most useful one.

The real secret of her method is in defeating the obtrusiveness of photographic detail, by putting her subjects out of focus. This gives them a massive breadth not unlike the gloom and obscurity of some old pictures.

She has been fortunate in securing fine models; and with these she has followed the subjects of the old masters in her composition and in her method of lighting, until she has given us some results that are more pleasing and harmonious than photography usually is, and has helped materially to establish for photography its coveted claim of being a fine art.

Some works of MRS. CAMERON were exhibited at the International Exhibition in Philadelphia, which are the best from her studio we have ever seen, and we trust that American photographers derived the full benefit of a careful examination of them.

There is something in the nature of photographic manipulation which prevents all the good qualities of art from being embodied in one and the same picture. Not only for the reason stated above, but in the technical manipulations of the plate, one must, in order to secure the softness obtained by MRS. CAMERON, neglect other qualities. MRS. CAMERON seems to work upon the theory that technical excellence is not to be considered when artistic results stand in the way; and while but few even approach her in their results in this special direction, a majority of photographers excel her in the other, so that with the purchaser it becomes a mere matter of choice as to which he will have—artistic excellence, or, so to speak, photographic excellence, in the shape of detail and sharpness and roundness and tone.

As it is impossible for the optician to produce a lens that will secure depth and correctness of figure in connection with rapidity, so is it impossible by the means now in the possession of photographers to produce all of the good qualities in a picture which we are taught by our art instruction to look for; but so impressed are we with the singular charm of MRS. CAMERON'S work, that we have chosen one of her subjects for illustration in our current number.

CARITÀ.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

IT is not necessary to go into details, and tell how Mrs. Meredith forgave her son and received her new daughter. In any case, I don't believe she would have been capable of "hurting Agnes's feelings" by a cold reception; but as it was, she was as tender to her as if she had been her own daughter, and Oswald was the stranger husband who had to be forgiven. A great deal of this was that superlative politeness which was part of her nature, and part of it was the result of Edward's communication. The cloud which had spoiled every thing was definitely lifted from her life, and to be good to the trembling, timid bride, which was the first kind action within her reach, was Mrs. Meredith's way of thanksgiving for her happiness. It must be allowed it is not a bad way, as good as giving public thanks in church, or perhaps better, though that is good too. When Agnes began a faltering confession of wrong-doing, Mrs. Meredith kissed her and stopped her.

"My dear, we will think nothing more of that," she said; "we might have wished it otherwise; but no one is beyond the reach of accident, and this will end most happily, please God, for all of us."

The result of the interview was that Agnes fell in love with her mother-in-law—not a very usual thing, if one puts one's faith in books, yet not unparalleled. They understood each other, or rather the elder woman understood the younger, and with her warm natural charity was able to comprehend and excuse every thing. She looked with a little wonder and amusement at the awe with which Agnes still regarded her bridegroom. That there should be some one in the world who did not simply make allowance for Oswald, and love him in spite of his faults, but to whom his faults were as yet invisible, and himself worthy of deepest respect and admiration, was a thing which was very amusing to his mother. She could scarcely keep from smiling when she saw the serious looks of veneration which his wife gave him. "Hush, hush," she said, when Edward, grown saucy, ventured to smile at his brother, and when she even herself felt tempted to say, "How like Oswald!" Oswald was like every thing that was fine and noble and generous to his bride.

"And if he did not think of himself quite so much, how good my poor boy is!" the mother said, with tears in her eyes; and in future, perhaps, he would not think so much of himself.

Anyhow, on the other side every body was quite satisfied. Oswald, never ungenerous, made settlements upon his wife after they were married which filled the Burchell family with admiration. And they got a pretty little house, and made a kind of religion of furnishing it; and for every pretty thing they got, Agnes, compunctious, hurried down to the House, and devised something for the orphans. Sister Mary Jane grew used to these visits, and, being a wise woman, restrained undue liberalities. She gave a great deal of good advice to the young wife. "If you take on another child for every bit of china," she said, "there will soon be no room for the girls, and no money left in the purse."

"Oh, how can I let money be spent for nothing, when I know how much need there is in the world!" cried Agnes. It was difficult to answer such arguments. As for Oswald, he never attempted to answer them. He gave her to understand that she was a mixture of a goose and an angel.

"Both have wings, you know," he said, going away light-hearted to his pleasures, and understanding about as much of the more serious feelings in her mind as her baby did when she had one, which fortunately was in good [illegible]. He made the best of husbands, ever eager that she should spend more money on her dress-maker, entertain more, have all manner of pleasures. Louisa Burchell, who was the next sister, thought the little house in Mayfair was like heaven; and Mrs. Burchell kept a list of the important people to whose houses Agnes was asked, looking up her noble acquaintances in the peerage, and finding out the incomes of the rich ones, and the works of those who wrote or painted (though these last figured much less largely in her mind). And Agnes was happy. To have a husband you love, and in due time a pretty baby, and a delightful little house in Mayfair, and a pair of ponies, and more dresses and bonnets than you wish for—could there be a happier lot? If a young woman in such beatific circumstances got confused sometimes in her mind, and wondered whether it might not be better to walk about at the head of a procession of school-girls in a black cloak and poke-bonnet, and to work in stuffy school-rooms, and to have no more recreation than could be got among the girls in S. Cecilia, what could that be but momentary aberration, or even a kind of temporary insanity? Is not a wife better than a Sister? Oswald had no kind of doubt on the subject when he saw his beautiful young wife at the head of his table, and reflected with inward complacency upon the aspect she bore when first he saw her, though at that time he had thought the poke-bonnet half divine. But Agnes was not so sure, had not such unhesitating convictions as her husband, and wondered. This, perhaps, was the penalty she paid for her escapade. Oswald's light-heartedness was alien to her serious mood. He took his existence so easily! and she knew that life was not so easy a matter, and would take an occasional panic as the fair landscape glided past her, the beautiful days and years flying away from her as fields and trees do on a journey, when you seem yourself to be stationary, and it is the country about that flies and travels on either side.

If she had known him longer, if she had known him better, would it have made any difference? In all probability not the slightest, and she did not ask herself that question; for, after all, Oswald was Oswald, and the only man in the whole world—

As for the other personages mentioned in these pages, their affairs worked themselves out, as was to be expected, with no very extraordinary results. Roger Burchell recovered of his wound because he could not help it, not with any will of his; and went out to India in due time, where he did very well and made steady progress, but neither then nor now became very remarkable. He married too in the due course of events, when he could afford it—as most men do, except perhaps in the very heart and centre of society, a sect so small that it does not affect the world's continuance, nor need necessarily affect our peace of mind who look on. He forgot Cara, and the chapter in his life which was dominated by her, far more completely than the romantic reader would believe possible, and was not at all sure after he had been some years married whether it was not he who had behaved badly to her; and, indeed, I think his wife had this impression, and never having seen this object of his early affections, was rather pleased to believe Cara a little flirt with whom her Roger had been involuntarily "entangled," but escaped in time. So stories are travestied and turned into myths with piquant change of circumstance all over the world.

Mr. Maxwell had a more unlikely fate. Bursting out of No. 6 in the Square, in the trouble of his mind, after that unlucky interference which had come to less than nothing, but which must, he felt sure, cost him his friends, he went with murderous energy through all his round of patients, and took it out of them with unregulated zeal, making his hypochondriacs really ill by way of variety, twisting the joints and cramping the sinews of the unhappy people in his hands as cruelly as Prospero. This way of avenging himself upon mankind, however, did not prevent him from suffering tortures in his own person. Should he apologize? Should he appeal to Cara to intercede for him? Should he go humbly to the feet of the injured one, and ask to be kicked and forgiven? He adopted another expedient more wonderful than any of these. Next day was the day of his weekly visit to the Hill. Lovelier lights and visions than those that revealed themselves through the openings of the trees on that sweetest day of June could scarcely be. The sky was as soft as a child's eyes—the air as its breath. The trees hung rich and close still in their early green, throwing their wealth of foliage all the more closely together to hide that the flowers were over, the May faded, the golden laburnum boughs all dropped to dust. Through the leafy arches came glimpses of the great plain all billowy with trees, shadowing far into the blue distance, and the great gray Castle with its royal flag. Underneath on the hedge-rows there was one flush of the wild rose lighting up the winding road as with a smile. To live on such a day was enough for pleasure. To move through it easily without fatigue, with trees waving over you, and the unfathomable blue shining, and the sun throwing magical gleams over the landscape, hushed even the most restless soul to a semblance of goodness and happiness. Unless you happen to be toiling along a dusty road, in the blaze of the sunshine, in tight boots, or a dress too warm for the season, which circumstances I allow to be contrary both to happiness and goodness, I can not understand how you could refuse to be good and happy on such a day.

But every thing promoted these exemplary sensations about the Hill. Fatigue was not there, nor dust, nor undue heat. Old Miss Charity in her sun-bonnet, and less old but still not young Miss Cherry in her cool and soft gray gown, were on the lawn, surrounded by a world of roses—roses every where in standards, in dwarfs, on trellis-work, over arches, along the walls. The air was just touched by them to a delicate sweetness, to be elevated into beatitude when you approached your face to a particular flower. Mr. Maxwell arrived with his troubled soul, and the ladies made much of him. They compassionated him for his hot drive. They offered him tea; they gave him, on his refusal of the tea, claret-cup with great bits of ice tinkling in it, and making a grateful noise. They gave him a comfortable chair on the lawn, where he had his doctor's talk with old Miss Charity, and felt her pulse and admired its steady beat, not one more or less than it ought to be. "Please God, if I live long enough, I'll pull you along to a hundred," he said, with professional enthusiasm. "But I shall not live long enough," he added, in a despondent tone.

"How old are you now?" said Miss Charity. "Fifty? phoo, nonsense! I am seventy-three. I want only seven-and-twenty of the hundred. You will be just over my present age when we've accomplished it. And what a thing to have lived for!" The old lady was more ready for the joke than he was—he shook his head.

"You can't think what foolish things I have been doing," he said; "never man made a greater fool of himself."

"You have been asking some one to marry you, my poor man!"

"No, by Jove! I never thought of that," he said, looking up quickly. Miss Cherry had walked discreetly out of hearing, as she always did while they had their medical talk. This was evidently a new idea to the doctor. "No," he went on, "trying to keep other people from marrying, that was all."

"Still sillier; they will hate you for ever and ever," Miss Charity said, in her ignorance, seated cool and smiling in her garden chair.

Meanwhile Miss Cherry strayed to one of the openings, and looked wistfully across the country. She wanted to hear about "the child." A thousand questions were on her lips, but in her soft old-maidenly self-consciousness she did not like to take the doctor aside in her turn, and there were questions which she did not wish to ask in her aunt's presence. It may be imagined, then, what her surprise was when, startled by a voice at her elbow, she turned round and found the doctor by her side. "The views are lovely to-day," he said; but he was not thinking of the views, Miss Cherry could see. Had he something painful to tell her—had any thing gone wrong? She began to ask a few faltering questions. "Tell me about Cara," she said. "I am so hungering for news of the child." Miss Cherry looked up pathetically in the doctor's face, with wistful anxiety in her soft eyes—every thing about her was soft, from her gray gown to her eyes. A mild consolatory woman, not charming like Mrs. Meredith, not clever like other people he knew, but a refreshment, like green lawns and green leaves and quietness to the heart. The doctor turned round to see that nobody was looking. The old lady, who had her suspicions of him, had gone in, and, like a naughty old lady as she was, had gone up stairs to a bedroom window, where she stood behind the curtains, chuckling to herself, to watch the result. When Mr. Maxwell saw the coast was clear and nobody looking (as he thought), he turned round again to Miss Cherry, who stood anxiously waiting for the next word, and deliberately, without a word of preface, fired as it were point-blank into her with a pistol at her heart—that is to say, he proposed. A greater shock never was administered by any human being to another. Right off on the spot, without wasting any words, he offered her himself, and his brougham, and his practice, and all that he had. The old lady at the window—naughty old lady!—could make out the very moment when it was done, and saw Cherry's start and jump of amazement. "Will she have him?" she asked herself. "I could not put up with a man in my house." But it does not do to take a gentle old maiden like Miss Cherry so suddenly. In the very extremity of her surprise she said no. How she trembled! "Oh no, I could not, I could not, thank you, Mr. Maxwell! I am too old *now*. Long ago I might have thought of such a thing; but I could not, I could not. It is not possible. You must excuse me *now*."

"Oh, no one will force you, Miss Cherry, against your inclination," said the doctor, angry and discomfited. And without waiting to say good-day to his patient, he went off, and threw himself into his brougham, more uncomfortable than before.

Whether Miss Cherry ever regretted this I can not tell—perhaps if she had not been so entirely taken by surprise—but "Oh no, oh no," she said to herself, "I could not have done it. It would have been cheating Cara." But what a shock it was on that June afternoon! As if the man had brought an electric battery with him, Miss Charity said, who was the only one of the three, however, to whom it was an amusement and no shock at all.

Such was the end of this middle-aged wooing, which was all over in a quarter of an hour. The other of which we know, which had been going on so long, and which only artificial motives made into a wooing at all, had been broken off very abruptly by that interpellation of Dr. Maxwell's and all that followed. It was not till after the commotion caused by Oswald's return, and all the arrangements consequent upon his marriage were over, that the two friends returned to this broken chapter again. The changes which had happened had not thrown them apart, however, and the naturalness with which, even in the suspense of this question between themselves, their intercourse went on, showed plainly either that warmer relationships were unlikely or that they were the most natural things in the world. But which? Each of them had been slightly piqued by the absence of enthusiasm on the part of the other, but even that pique produced no enthusiasm in themselves. They were exactly in the same state of feeling, their minds only too much alike. But a return to the question was inevitable one way or other, and Mr. Beresford took it in hand, not without a little tremor, one still summer evening at the usual hour, when they were sitting in their usual places, their windows open, but the lamps lighted, and the soft dusk outside relieving with its shadowy background the soft illumination within.

"Do you remember," he said, "the talk we had one evening before all these agitations began? It was not decided. You would not say yes or no."

"Would I not say no? it was because it has too harsh a sound. Why should there be yeses or noes between you and me?"

"Ah, but it was needful. What do you say now? I can only repeat what I said then. You know all my heart. Speak to me, dear. Shall it be yes or no?"

She had nothing to do with blushing at her age—yet she blushed, and was ashamed of it; but looked at him frankly, openly, all the same, holding out her hands. "Dear," she said, "I will call you so too. No; why should we do this, and disturb our life and trouble our children with new ideas? Listen, James Beresford. I would rather marry you than lose you; but there is no thought of losing you in any case."

"None, my dear, none—none, whatever comes of it."

"Then why should we trouble each other with new ideas, and disturb our lives? We can not be happier in our intercourse, you and I; we have all we want in each other. Let the children marry; it is natural. What a blessing of God it is that we have these dear proxies, James! And my boy is not going away," she said, the tears coming to her eyes. "And I love your girl as if she were my own—and we are the father and mother without any trouble. What could heart wish for more?"

And no more was said. The subject was closed at once and forever. Such is the perversity of human nature, that when James Beresford went home that evening he felt just a little cast down, disgusted, lonely, and slighted as it were by fate. He had not really wished for the change; indeed, did not really wish for it now; but yet— On the other side of the wall, Mrs. Meredith was much more comfortable—for why? she had been permitted the woman's privilege of being the refuser, which banished all possibilities of pique, and made it impossible for her to feel herself slighted. But by-and-by they were both a great deal happier, and at their ease, which they had not been for weeks before.

And do I need to tell how the natural conclusion which their father and mother wisely and happily evaded arrived for Edward and Cara? Not quite immediately, however, for the young man gathered his note-books together again, and having given up India, entered upon his course of dinners, and betook himself (like most other people) to the bar. He was "called" before the marriage took place; and when the marriage did take place the young people remained along with the old people in the two houses which were one. It would be hard to make an absolute appropriation of what belongs to No. 6 and what belongs to No. 8 in the Square. The thing which is most like a fixture is Mrs. Meredith, who sits smiling in the same chair as the years go on, hearing what every body has to say. She is not expected to go to any one; but every one comes to her; and her chair is the only absolutely undisputed piece of property in the two houses. The young people are very happy, and go honey-mooning as once their elders did; and sometimes Mr. Beresford will make a journey in the interests of science or art. But nothing has touched the double house, nor is likely to touch it, till death does those sworn companions part.

THE END.

CONSTANTINOPLE, OLD AND NEW.

When Europe was a solemn wilderness, some wandering Greek trader first pierced the mystery of the blue Bosporus, entered the immense Euxine, and opened the pathway to an extensive commerce that has never ceased; for still the corn fleets of Odessa glide down the narrow outlet to feed Western Europe, as they came in the days of Pericles in thick array to the docks of Athens. Constantinople possesses the fairest site of all the European cities; its swelling hills, its Golden Horn, its tideless yet ever-flowing stream, its natural charms, have no parallel in London, Paris, or Vienna. "The Bosporus," says an animated French traveller, "like a great blue lake covered with white sails, glides amidst the palaces of Europe and of Asia; Scutari looks upon Stamboul; the Seraglio Point, with its ancient buildings and its kiosks white as milk, bathes in the wave; the Golden Horn is an azure lake. But it is the minarets, the mosques, the towers, the walls, that lend enchantment to the scene." In its wild and solitary state the magnificent amphitheatre of its hills struck the fancy of the wandering Megarian, and he founded a city destined to become the centre of empire and of civilization. Byzantium ruled the passage between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean; but once when its thrifty citizens, in a moment of need, ventured to impose a toll upon all the ships that passed the straits, the active Rhodians, the most commercial of ancient nations, intervened, and sent a fleet to secure the freedom of the seas. The Byzantines yielded, the Propontis was declared a common highway, and the trade of the East, except when impeded by the Turk, has flowed ever through its narrow channel. Rome at last became master of the Greek city, and by the genius and the foresight of the Christian emperor, the banks of the Propontis were made the bulwark of ancient civilization.

Some traces of the immense walls, the enormous ditch, and the impregnable towers with which Constantine surrounded his new Rome may yet be observed; and the lavish and unexampled strength of the Eastern capital was worthy of its destiny, for within its ample circuit was to be hidden securely for a thousand years the genius of Christianity and of knowledge. It is difficult for the modern to conceive of a time when all that was good and great in the world was stored away in a solitary fortress on the Propontis, and when all the learning and refinement of the past had fled for shelter to the safe retreat of Constantinople. Yet such was the fate of this wonderful city. In the midst of Gothic invasions and Saracenic conquest, when ignorance and despair settled upon the whole human race, the triple walls and lofty towers, the ditch, the armory of the mighty fortress, baffled every invader. Rome was sacked, Antioch and Alexandria ravaged, London stormed and wasted by the savages; but Constantinople, safe behind its enormous bulwarks, escaped the malice of its foes. Twice the immense hosts of the Saracens encamped under its walls, and twice they melted away in cold, famine, despair. The Goths, the barbarians, never ventured to assail it. The barbarous Latins alone in the thirteenth century broke into its walls, and inflicted such disasters upon literature and taste as can never be repaired. But they were expelled; and it may be safely said that for more than a thousand years the ideas that were to rule in modern progress were securely preserved in the Greek city. The spirit, the language, of Plato and Demosthenes had been perpetuated by the foresight of Constantine, and all through the Middle and the Dark Ages the magnificence and the cultivation of the city he had named were the sole teachers of barbarous Europe. One strange and wonderful dome hangs over the Seraglio Point, indicative of a new trait in the destiny of the marvelous city. It was to be the centre of two religions that nearly divide the suffrages of the East. Constantine had consecrated his capital to a tolerant creed that at first, at least, professed a general humanity. Superstition introduced cruelty. The vices of a despotic religion are as terrible as those of a temporal absolutism; and Constantinople became the seat of a spiritual rule scarcely less severe and corrupt than was afterward that of Rome. But in one trait it always rose above the savage Latins, and cultivated learning with an intense assiduity that never waned. The Greek religion was always an intelligent one, and the Greek clergy were noted for their refined scholarship until the latest hours of the city, and when it fell they educated Europe. Yet it was not until a late period, when the empire was in its extreme weakness, that the dome of St. Sophia rose under the feeble energy of the half-imbecile Justinian, and formed the model and the central shrine whence Christian and Moslem were to borrow their favorite style of architecture and the savage Scythians were to learn the graces of a classic ritual. To-day St. Sophia, covered with minarets, hidden in ungraceful additions, scarcely satisfies the expectations of the careless spectator; and Albert Smith asserts that it has been "so ridiculously written up and overpraised that expectation could not possibly be gratified." "Grand it certainly is." But we must imagine St. Sophia as it first sprang up at the touch of the skillful architects of Greece—its matchless dome, the wonder of all ages, resting on its mighty pillars; its columns ravished from the Temple of the Sun; its boundless wealth of gold and silver ornaments, mosaics, and golden candelabra; its altar table a mass of gems; its seats of gold and silver—to feel the real splendor of the Eastern shrine. And for nine hundred years the majestic temple stood almost unprofaned, the fairest and the noblest of Christian churches. Rome, London, or York could offer only a rude rivalry or emulation of the Byzantine style; Russia, converted by the ritual of St. Sophia, imitated its gorgeous dome and glorious nave in the fairest churches of Moscow, or afterward St. Petersburg, and the magnificent church of St. Isaac is a distant copy of the immortal graces of the mosque of Constantinople.

An alien creed has ravished from Christianity the oldest and most venerable of the Christian churches; the rich ornaments of Justinian, the silver altar screen, the rare mosaics, have been replaced by long lines of glittering lamps, ostrich eggs, and horses' switches; the barbarian has stolen the refined splendors of the glorious shrine, or marred its beauties by the coarsest additions. Yet in all the Russian realm the untarnished graces of St. Sophia, as they were seen by the early Russian priesthood, are remembered and adored. To worship in the holy shrine, once more unprofaned by the cruel Turk, is the secret or open aspiration of the Russian Church; and had the Turk been wise in the moment of his power, he would perhaps have razed to the ground the perpetual monument of the early Christian rule. As the Aga Sophia, it is now the chief of the Turkish mosques; the Commander of the Faithful worships where Justinian knelt and proclaimed himself the greater Solomon. Two religions claim his matchless temple, two races contend for the holy place, and the horrid fires of war are lighted by a shrine and a temple that was raised to the God of boundless charity and love.

The city of Constantine sprang up almost in a day. It was ten years building. An imperial metropolis was completed and peopled within a period more brief than even that of an American city, and it became at once the capital of the world. It appointed the distant officials of Britain, and ruled over London and York; the politics and the manners of Spain and France were controlled by the new Rome; Africa and Carthage obeyed Constantinople—Alexandria and Egypt, Jerusalem, and even Rome itself. The popes were appointed at Stamboul, and Christianity lived in the shelter of the imperial court. A ceaseless throng of officials from the most distant West, from the lands of the Nile and the castles of the Rhine, passed along the great lines of Roman highways, and filled the capital with the news and business of the world; and the extraordinary magnificence of the first Constantinople, adorned with the spoils of Greece, seated upon the splendid amphitheatre of the Bosporus, covered with groves, statues, palaces, squares—the Paris of the East—has stimulated the fancy of historians and antiquaries from Eusebius to Gibbon. The Bosporus, the narrow strait that leads from the city to the Black Sea, is about twenty miles long. Its waters, says Albert Smith, are of an intense blue that never changes even under a leaden sky; the shores, graceful and fair, are covered with villas and villages; the tideless stream is ever transparent and clear, the scene always magnificent, and no more fitting pathway to the Queen of Cities could be found than the gleaming Bosporus, covered with sails and steamers, its winding shores crowned with ruins that recall the banks of the Rhine, and glittering with palaces as weird and graceful as those of Como. Amidst such scenery, in 330 Constantinople sprang up, and has never since lost its artificial prosperity and importance.

It did not long continue the capital of an undivided empire, but throughout the slow decay of mankind and the destruction of all ancient cities, amidst wars, earthquakes, plague, almost famine, it was always the metropolis of the East, the most splendid of European capitals. And even so late as the travels of Benjamin of Tudela, the magnificence of the Eastern city was the wonder of the age, and Venice, Florence, Rome, and Paris admitted the infinite superiority of Constantinople. Its trade was immense for the dawn of commerce, its shops were filled with the rarest productions of the East, its harbor the busiest in Europe, its Cæsar the richest sovereign of the world. Its tribute was estimated at 20,000 crowns a day; and when, in 1453, the city fell before the Turk, it still retained some traits of its early opulence. But under the rigid rule of the Moslem, Constantinople has sunk behind its sister cities. Its streets are narrow and filthy lanes, its houses shattered and worthless, its apparent beauty and magnificence the cloak for the usual uncleanliness of an Oriental town. Slavery still lingers in its secret haunts; fair Georgians and Circassians are still sold by traders in their private bazars. Superstition covers the city with idle usages, and flocks of sacred pigeons and a countless population of dogs, dervishes, beggars, disfigure the sacred buildings, and encumber the streets that once shone with the graceful temples, fountains, gardens, and groves of Constantine. Other cities have advanced, Constantinople has decayed. No longer a source of knowledge, progress, hope, it slumbers in a gross conservatism. Once the seat of Greek letters and art, it has become the centre of a barbarous ignorance. Once startled by the eloquence of Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom, it hears only the mollah droning in the deserted walls of St. Sophia. The source of a system of law that has covered Europe with codes and statutes, it knows no law but despotism. Plague and pestilence lurk forever in its secret haunts, a moral decay lingers amidst the cypress groves of the Seraglio, and domestic bliss is unknown to the Moslem city. Some purification must evidently come to this fallen capital, and the iron hand of modern progress must sweep away the dead members of the past. By whom this can best be done can hardly yet be discovered. Russia may be checked before the almost impregnable hills that guard Constantinople on the west; her eastern army may never reach Scutari. But scholar and theologian will welcome the day when the city of Constantine is brought within the domain of progress, when a purer race rules over the Bosporus, worships in St. Sophia, and when the ancient home of Greek civilization shall once more lead the way to the cultivation of the East.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The removal of infiltrations of the skin is easily accomplished, according to M. Ungerer, by osmose. He had occasion to prove this lately in having to treat an extensive scald on the hand, which resulted in a large and exceedingly painful swelling without abrasion. Cold-water treatment for twelve hours did not relieve the swelling in the least, and the pain was almost unbearable when the hand was removed from the water only a few seconds. He therefore made a diffusion experiment, dipping the hand in a saturated salt solution, and the success was surprising. Though the salt solution had not the temperature of ice-water, the pain diminished almost immediately, and in four hours blister and pain were both entirely gone. The hand next day differed from the other only by a very slight swelling and redness.

The *Monthly Weather Review* of the Signal Service gives as the most interesting features for the month of June the high temperatures in California, the heavy rains in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, the numerous severe local storms, and the general diminution of the grasshoppers and locusts caused by atmospheric agencies. The temperature on the Pacific side of the continent was something terrible; for instance, at Fort Yuma, 114°; San Diego, 93°; Stanwix and Maricopa Wells, 110°; San Francisco, 92°; Los Angeles, 112°; Spring Valley, 122°. Ice was reported at Rockford, Iowa, on the 10th.

The tornadoes at Mount Carmel, Rose Mount, Memphis, Fort Wayne, Lafayette, etc., have all been specially noted for their terrific violence.

The death of the German professor Edward Heis is a serious blow to astronomy, in view of his position as director of the observatory at Münster and his numerous important publications, among which may be mentioned the records of the observatory and the *Wochenschrift für Astronomie*, published from 1858 to 1875. His death, from apoplexy, took place on the 30th of June, in the seventy-first year of his age.

The successful breeding of ostriches in South Africa, and the economical results likely to flow therefrom, have been already referred to in our columns, and we have now to chronicle a similar effort in regard to rearing the emu, a Mr. Richard Bell, of Dumfries-shire, in Scotland, having succeeded in raising a brood of young. He obtained two birds from the celebrated dealer Jamrach, in London, in October, 1875, which paired, and the female laid three eggs in the following February, and continued depositing one every three or four days until the 9th of April, when the cock began to set. Up to that date nineteen eggs had been laid. The cock continued to incubate until the 29th of May, when there were six young. During this period he never left the nest, and took no food whatever. This brood of emus is reported as growing very fast, and as feeding upon herbage of all kinds, and especially the plantain.

Professor Marsh, in continuation of his investigation of the fossil remains of the Rocky Mountains, announces a new genus and species of toothed bird, which he calls *Baptornis advenus*, basing it upon a tarso-metatarsal bone. He also describes a new fossil lizard, by far exceeding in magnitude any land animal hitherto discovered, which must have been fully fifty to sixty feet in length. It was probably a herbivorous reptile. It comes from a bed on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains.

We referred not long ago to the intention of the Geographical Society of London to enter the field of African exploration, to be carried on independently, without reference to the cosmopolitan plan organized by the King of Belgium. It was estimated that about $60,000 would be required to do the work. We regret to learn that appeals for the necessary funds have failed, and that consequently the society will, for the present at least, take no part in African research.

For some months past the Fish Commissioners of Wisconsin have been engaged in hatching out a large number of eggs of valuable lake fish collected during the last autumn, and kept in the State hatching house at Milwaukee, under the superintendence of Mr. H. W. Welsher. The success of this enterprise has been entirely satisfactory, no less than 6,500,000 of white-fish fry having been planted in Lake Michigan and Grand Bay, and about 1,500,000 of lake trout. The period of incubation of the former lasted from 135 to 165 days, having been purposely retarded, so that the young fish might be introduced into the lake after the melting of the ice, thus making them certain of finding the necessary food. Heretofore half that number of days has been considered sufficient, and this involved the necessity of cutting holes in the ice for the introduction of the fish. The method of the Wisconsin Commissioners is considered preferable.

Travellers in Northern Africa will before long, for a part of their route at least, be able to substitute the railway train for the slower boat or camel, considerable progress having been made in the construction of a railway from Wadi-Halfa toward Dongola. The route, as planned, is to be 355 kilometers in length, of which about one-tenth is completed, from Wadi-Halfa to Sigyaya. The Nile will be bridged near Koyeh.

A forward movement in the interest of science has recently been made in France by the foundation of an establishment for taking photographs of objects of natural history or art. For this purpose the government will employ the best photographers procurable, and will place at their command the most improved apparatus and methods.

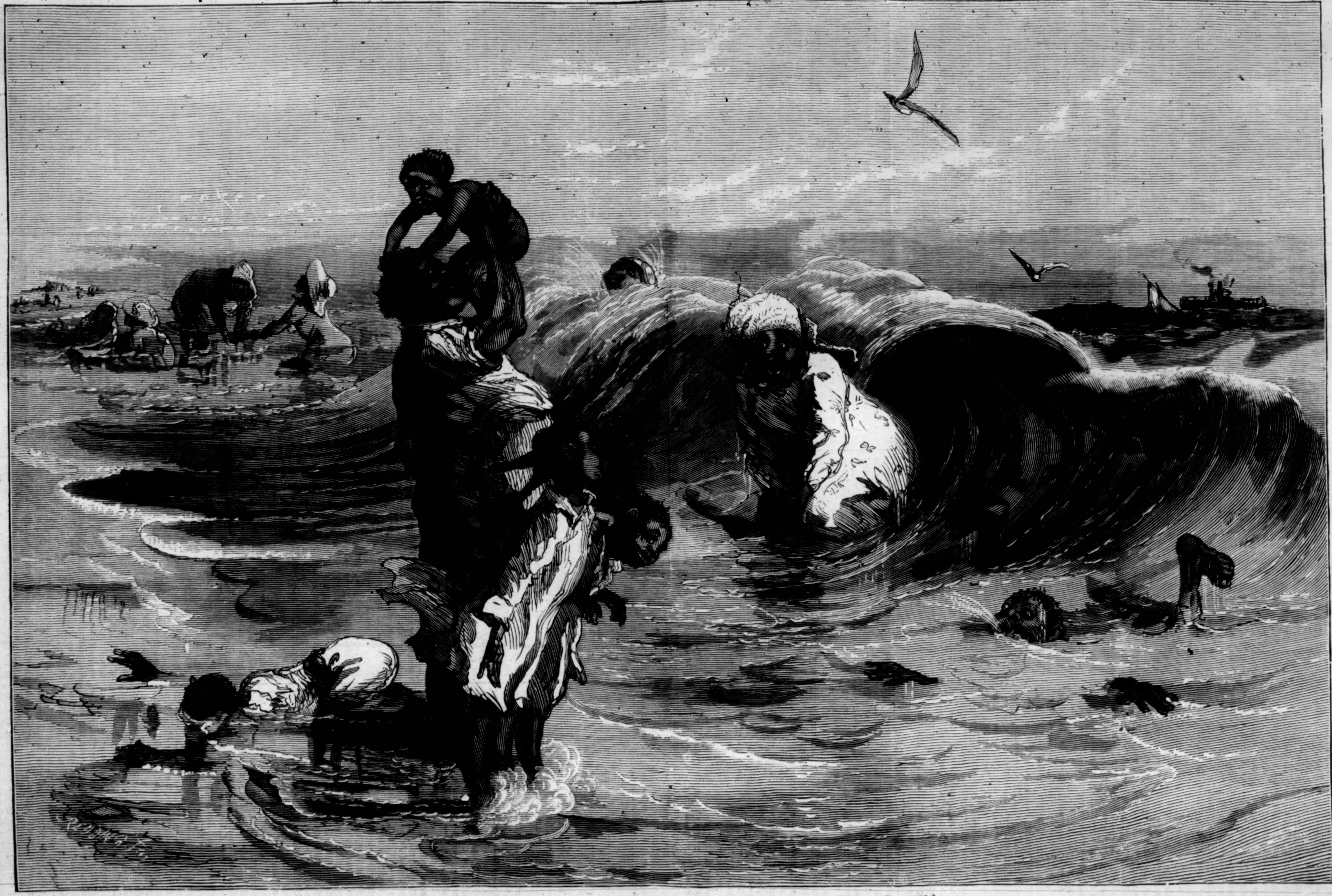
The disagreeable odor of petroleum and its products has materially interfered with its use in the arts, and several methods of purification have been adopted with more or less success. Among those recently announced is that of Masson, of Lyons, who introduces on the surface of about 125 pounds of petroleum two ounces each of sulphuric and nitric acid (separately) and eleven pounds of strong alcohol. The alcohol gradually sinks to the bottom, and coming in contact with the acid, heat is developed, with some effervescence. Ethereal products of a more agreeable odor are formed, and the substances acquire an analogous odor, at the same time becoming yellowish in color. After about an hour the liquor is agitated for some minutes with water, when, after resting for eight or ten hours, the purified petroleum is drawn off.

Dr. Haast makes an announcement of very great interest and importance, in an archæological point of view, should it prove to be entirely correct. He describes ancient rock paintings in the Weka Pass ranges, in the province of Canterbury, in New Zealand. Some of these are fifteen feet long, representing animals of foreign countries, weapons, and dresses of semi-civilized people, underneath which are characters like those of the Tamil language.

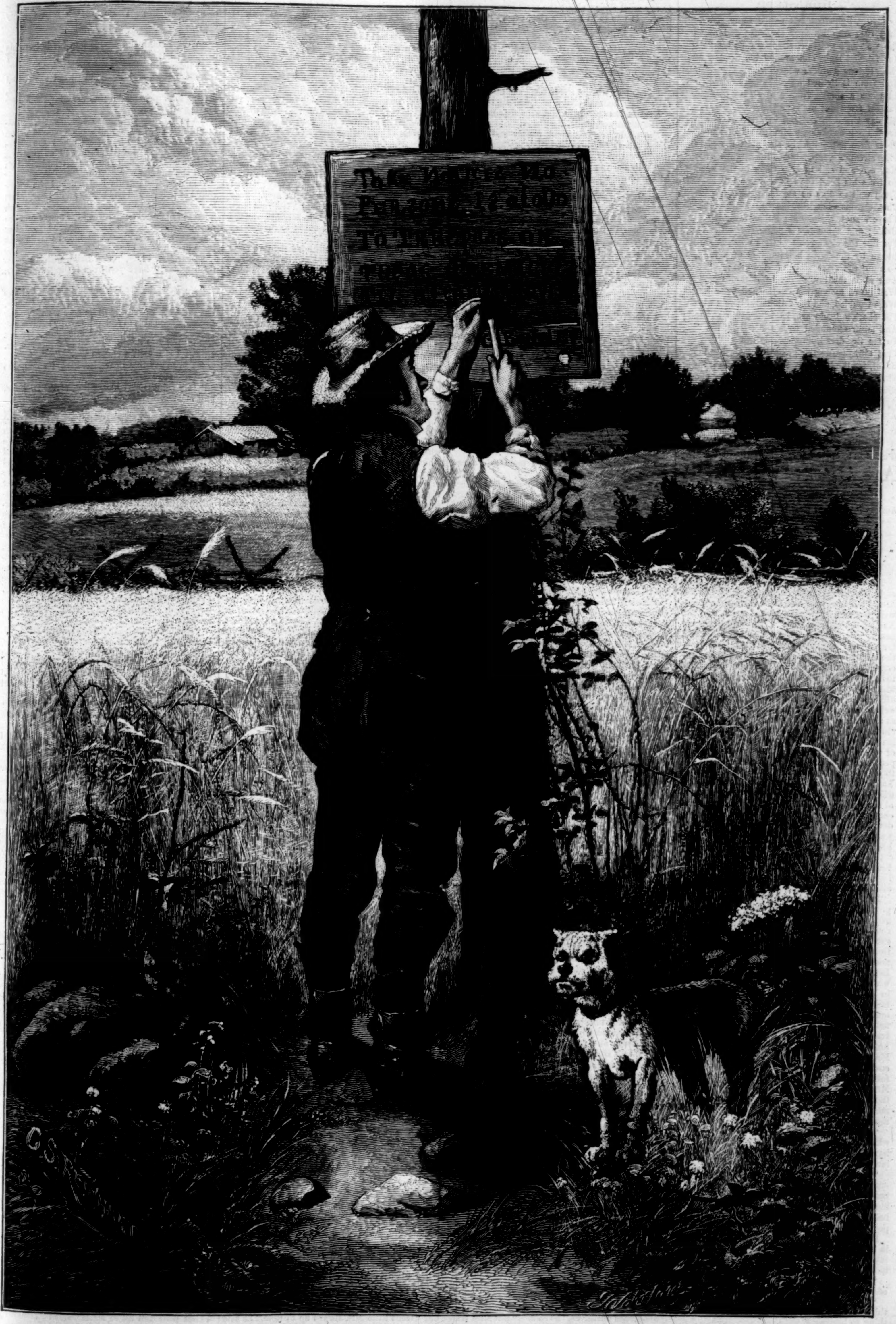
A convenient process for determining whether wines have been colored artificially with fuchsin is the invention of Beaudemont, and consists in pouring a drop of the suspected liquid upon the skin of the hand. By spreading it around and allowing it to dry, and then washing the skin, a bright red spot will remain should fuchsin be present as an ingredient. If the wine be pure, the coloring matter is easily removed.

We have already referred to the conjoint enterprise of the Smithsonian Institution and the Peabody Museum of Cambridge in sending Mr. Clark Mills to Florida for the purpose of securing casts of a number of Indians held as prisoners of war in the old Spanish fort at St. Augustine. We now learn that Mr. Mills has been completely successful in this object, having secured excellent likenesses in plaster of sixty-two Indians, representing some ten or twelve different tribes. These, it is understood, will be used in the preparation of a series of dressed lay figures of Indians in the National Museum.

Dr. Schimper has lately communicated to the Berlin Geographical Society a description of a remarkable district in Abyssinia which furnishes a great quantity of salt. This region, decidedly below the sea-level, begins about two days' journey from Massowa. The periodical change in the condition of the surface of the country is very striking, the annual rains which collect in the depression producing sufficient moisture to cause a peculiar chemical action, resulting in the formation of mud cones or volcanoes, from the tops of which smoke and even flames break out, the whole district, by the constant rising and falling of these cones, appearing to boil. After the district is completely flooded with water, this operation ceases, and when the rainy season is over, the water evaporates, and leaves a coating of coarse-grained salt to the depth of several inches.



THE SMALLBREED FAMILY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem on Page 682.]



A WARNING TO CITY VISITORS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 690.]

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

ILIAD, xviii. 202.

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away.
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung
Her fringèd ægis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden cloud,
And from it lighted an all-shining flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,
All day the men contend in grievous war
From their own city, and with set of sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbors round
May see, and sail to help them in the war;
So from his head the splendor went to heaven.
From wall to dike he stept, he stood, nor join'd
The Achæans—honoring his wise mother's word—
There standing, shouted; Pallas far away
Call'd; and a boundless panic shook the foe.
For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguerers of a town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakidês;
And when the brazen cry of Æakidês
Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts
Were troubled, and the full-maned horses whirl'd
The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unweariable fire
That always o'er the great Peleion's head
Burnt, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.
Thrice from the dike he sent his mighty shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest died
Among their spears and chariots.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(*Continued.*)

GLOOMY DAYS.

THE weary week dragged slowly to its dull, dark end. There was a stately funeral, solitary as the life of the dead man had been, for the mourners were but two, Mr. Scratchell, the agent, and Mr. Namby, the village doctor. But the escutcheoned hearse and nodding plumes, the huge Flemish horses, with their manes combed the reverse ways, the empty black carriages, and the hired mourners, cloaked and scarfed, and struggling heroically to impart a strangeness of expression to features which were familiar to the populace in every-day life, one of these venal followers being only too well known as a drunken carpenter, and another as a cobbler skilled in his art, but notorious for a too free use of the fire-irons in the correction of his wife and children—these trappings and suits of woe were not wanting. All that the most expensive undertaker in Great Yafford could devise to do honor to the dead was done; and Little Yafford, draining the dregs of its Christmas cup of dissipation, felt that Squire Harefield's funeral made an appropriate finish. The weather had changed; the bare, barren fields were lightly powdered with snow; the black ridge of moor-land was sharply cut against a bright blue sky; the black plumes tossed gayly in the fresh frosty air. "It was an outing, anyhow," said the people of Little Yafford, and there was a good deal of extra liquor consumed at small way-side beer-houses after the funeral.

In the course of that afternoon the will was produced by Mr. Scratchell, who had drawn it, and who knew where to look for it. Nothing could be simpler or more decided. It had been executed nine years before, and, with the exception of legacies to old servants and five hundred pounds to Mr. Scratchell, it left every thing to Beatrix. Mr. Dulcimer was made joint executor with Mr. Scratchell, and Beatrix's sole guardian in the event of her father dying while she was under age. Two days later came the adjourned inquiry before the coroner. This time Beatrix Harefield's interests were watched by the lawyer from London, a little dark man, with heavy eyebrows and a hard mouth, a defender who inspired Beatrix with a nameless horror, although she could but be grateful to Cyril Culverhouse for his forethought in procuring her such skilled service. Mrs. Dulcimer had harped upon the curate's thoughtfulness, in sending for one of the cleverest men in London to protect her dear Beatrix from the possibilities of evil.

"It was very kind of him," Beatrix said, somewhat constrainedly; "but I would much rather have dispensed with the London lawyer, or any lawyer."

"My dearest Beatrix, Mr. Dulcimer and Cyril must understand the exigencies of the case far better than you can, and both are agreed that the inquest can not be too carefully watched on your behalf. If you only knew the dreadful things people say—"

Beatrix's marble cheek could grow no paler than it had been in all the sorrowful days since her father's death, but a look of sharpest pain came into her face.

"Mrs. Dulcimer, do people think that I murdered my father?" she asked, suddenly.

"My love," cried the Vicar's wife, startled by this plain question, "how can you suggest any thing so horrible?"

"You suggested it when you spoke of people saying dreadful things about me."

"My dear Beatrix, I only meant to say that the world is very censorious. People are always ready to say cruel things about the most innocent persons. It was so in David's time even. See how often he alludes to the malice and injustice of his enemies."

Beatrix said no more; but when Mrs. Dulcimer had left her she sat for a long time with her face hidden in her clasped hands, in blank, tearless grief.

"I see now why he shuns me," she said to herself. "He believes that I poisoned my father."

Beatrix was one of the first witnesses examined at the adjourned inquest.

She made her statement, simply and briefly, about the medicine chest in her mother's room, and the empty laudanum bottle.

"Why did you not mention this before?" asked the coroner.

"I forgot it."

"What! Could you forget a fact of such importance? You found your father dead in that very room, and you forgot the existence of a medicine chest, which, according to your statement of to-day, contained the poison by which he died?"

"The fact did not occur to me at the previous examination," Beatrix answered, firmly.

Her manner and bearing were curiously different from what they had been on the previous occasion. She was deadly pale, but firm as a rock. That firmness of hers, the calm distinctness of her tones, the proud carriage of her beautiful head, impressed the coroner and jury strongly, but not favorably. They had been more ready to sympathize with her a week ago, when she had stood before them trembling and bowed down by her distress.

The medicine chest was brought from the late Mrs. Harefield's room. There was the bottle as Beatrix had described it—an empty bottle which had obviously contained laudanum.

"Do you know if your mother was in the habit of taking laudanum?" asked the coroner.

"I know very little about her. All that I can remember of her is like a dream."

Mr. Namby was re-examined upon this question of the laudanum.

He remembered that Mrs. Harefield had suffered from neuralgic pains in the head and face during the last year of her residence at the Water House. She had complained to him, and he had prescribed for her, not successfully. He was of opinion that the Water House was too much on a level with the river. He would not go so far as to say the house was damp, but he was sure it was not dry. It was not unlikely that Mrs. Harefield would resort to laudanum as a palliative. He had never given her laudanum.

Peacock, the butler, was examined. He remembered Mrs. Harefield complaining of pain in the head and face. It was called tic-dollerer. He fancied the name meant something like toothache, independent of teeth. As he understood it you might have tic-dollerer any wheres. He remembered being in Great Yafford with the carriage one day when Mrs. Harefield told him to go into a chemist's shop and ask for some laudanum. He got a small quantity in a bottle. Mrs. Harefield used often to drive into Great Yafford. Sometimes he went on the box with the coachman—sometimes not. He knew that she had a medicine chest in her room. He had heard Chugg, the young woman who waited on her, say that she took sleeping draughts.

The jury agreed upon their verdict, after some deliberation.

Mr. Harefield had died from the effects of poison, but by whom administered there was no evidence to show.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BELLA'S REVENGE.

THE blinds were drawn up at the Water House, and the wintry sun shone upon the empty rooms. Miss Scales had come back to her charge, leaving that provoking old lady in Devonian still undecided whether to live or die, "making it so very perplexing as to one's choice of a winter dress when one might be called upon at any moment to go into mourning," Miss Scales complained to her Devonshire acquaintance, when discussing her aunt's week-minded oscillation.

But now there was no further difficulty about the mourning question. For Mr. Harefield, her employer of fifteen years, Miss Scales could not assume too deep a sable, especially when the sable would naturally be provided and paid for by her dearest Beatrix.

Banbury and Banbury's forewoman came to the Water House with boxes of crape and rolls of bombazine, and the governess and her pupil were measured for garments of unutterable woe.

And now, at nineteen, Beatrix found herself on the threshold of a new life, a life of supreme independence. Wealth, and liberty to do what she pleased with it, were hers. Mr. Dulcimer was likely to prove the easiest of guardians; Mr. Scratchell was subservient to the last degree, his sole anxiety being to retain his position, and to ingratiate himself and his family in Miss Harefield's favor.

"If Mrs. Scratchell can be useful in any way, pray command her," said the village lawyer; "she will be only too proud to serve you, Miss Harefield, but she would be the last to obtrude her services."

"I do not think you need entertain any apprehensions as to Miss Harefield's being properly taken care of, Mr. Scratchell," Miss Scales remarked, stiffly. "She has Mr. Dulcimer—and she has ME."

Mr. Scratchell rumpled the scanty bristles at the top of his bald head, and felt himself snubbed.

"Neither Mrs. Scratchell nor myself would wish to obtrude ourselves," he said. "But Miss Harefield, being fond of Bella, might like to make use of Mrs. Scratchell. She is a very clever manager, and might put Miss Harefield in the right way with her servants."

"Miss Harefield's servants know their duties, and do not require managing, Mr. Scratchell. I should be very sorry to live in a household where the servants had to be managed. The bare idea implies a wrong state of things."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Scratchell, testily, "I don't want to press myself or my family upon Miss Harefield, although I am joint executor with Mr. Dulcimer, and had the honor to enjoy her father's confidence for five-and-thirty years. I should be very sorry to be intrusive. And there's Bella—she has made a very long stay here, and she's wanted badly elsewhere. If Miss Harefield is agreeable, she had better come home."

"She must do as she likes," Beatrix answered, listlessly. "I am a very dull companion for her."

"Dear Beatrix, you know I love to be with you," murmured Bella, in her affectionate way; "but I think I ought to go home, as papa says. Poor Mrs. Piper is so ill, and the young Pipers get more troublesome every day. Their holidays are too trying for her. I believe I ought to resume my duties."

"I am sure you ought," said her father, who was bursting to show his independence to Miss Scales. He did not mind how subservient he made himself to Beatrix, but he was not going to knuckle under to Miss Scales. "I met Mr. Piper in the village yesterday, and he told me the house was all at sixes and sevens for want of you."

Beatrix seemed indifferent as to whether Bella went or staid; so Miss Scratchell got her goods and chattels together, and departed with her father, after many loving embraces and pretty expressions of gratitude. Perhaps in the book of the recording angel, that parting kiss of Bella's went down in a particular column devoted to such Judas kisses—that famous kiss of Darnley's, for instance, on the night of Rizzio's assassination.

Bella went home with her father, looking slim and pretty in her new black dress and bonnet, and doing her best to soothe her parent's wrath with sweet deprecating speeches. In the box which she had just packed, to be brought home later, there were many things that she had not taken to the Water House, including a handsome black silk gown, and innumerable trifles in the shape of gloves, collars, and neck-ribbons; but there was one thing which Miss Scratchell carried away in her pocket, and which she held to be of more importance than all her finery.

This was the sealed envelope which she had found upon Mr. Harefield's writing-table. "For my daughter Beatrix."

She took it from her pocket when she was safely locked in her own room, secure from the intrusion of the family herd. She sat with the packet on her lap, thoughtfully contemplating it.

She had kept it more than a fortnight, and had not broken the seal. She had been sorely tempted to see what was inside the envelope, but had resisted the temptation. To open it would be a crime, she had told herself, and she made a kind of virtue of this self-denial. All she wanted was to keep the document. She had made up her mind that this sealed packet contained the key to the mystery of Christian Harefield's death. So long as the seal remained unbroken, that death would remain a mystery. No one would know whether it was suicide or murder; and this uncertainty would hang like a cloud over Beatrix.

This was Isabella Scratchell's revenge. That pink and white prettiness of hers was not incompatible with the capacity to seize an opportunity and to persevere in a life-long hatred.

"She has beauty, and wealth, and a good old name," thought Bella; "but so long as her father's death remains unexplained, she will hardly have the respect and love of mankind."

Bella had heard enough from Mr. Piper and Miss Coyney on Christmas-day to know very well which way opinion was drifting in Little Yafford. It was a settled thing already in the minds of a good many deep thinkers and profound students of human nature as exhibited in the weekly papers, that Beatrix Harefield knew more about her father's death than any body else. The very horror of the idea that her hand had put the poison in his way gave it a morbid attraction for tea-table conversation. There was a growing opinion that the coroner's jury had done less than their duty in returning an open verdict.

"The verdict would have been very different if Miss Harefield had been a laboring-man's daughter," said Miss Coyney, who had more to say on this subject than any one else, and who was always very uncompromising in her opinions.

Bella was not sorry to leave the Water House, though home looked a little more squalid and untidy than usual after the subdued splendor of the Tudor mansion. She had not been able to feel at her ease with Beatrix during this last visit. Even to her essentially false nature there was some effort required to preserve a demeanor of unvarying sweetness toward a person she detested. The old Adam was in danger of breaking out now and then. Between Beatrix and herself there stood the shadowy image of Cyril Culverhouse; and there were moments when Bella could not quite command her looks, however sweetly she might attune her voice. And now that Miss Scales was on the scene, with sharp gray eyes which saw every thing, Bella felt that the veneer of affection might be too thin to hide the hardness of the wood underneath it.

So Bella resumed the monotonous order of her home life, breakfasted at eight, and presented herself at the Park upon the stroke of nine, where the Piper children, clustering round the newly lighted fire in the school-room, hated her for her punctuality. But she knew that if the children disapproved, Mr. Piper approved; for he generally looked out of the dining-room, newspaper in hand, to give her a friendly nod of welcome.

"Good little girl, always up to time," he said; "those are the 'abits that make success in life. That was Brougham's way. He might be hard at it drinking and dissipating far into the small hours, but he was always up to time in the morning. Cobbett was never too late for an appointment in his life. Those are the men for my money."

"How is dear Mrs. Piper?"

"Well, I think the missus is a bit better this morning; but she mends very slow, poor soul. I don't believe the doctors can do much for her."

Bella sighed, and shook her head sadly, and then went tripping up stairs to the school-room, leaving Mr. Piper standing at the dining-room door looking after her.

"A pretty little girl," he said to himself, "neatly finished off, like a well-made carriage or an English watch. No scamping about the workmanship. Poor Moggie never had as pretty a figure as that, though she was a trim-built lass when she and me was courting."

One day, when Bella had finished the weary round of lessons and had nearly addled her brains in the endeavor to awaken Brougham's sluggish mind to the difference between the active and the passive voices of the verb *amo*, she paid her usual visit to Mrs. Piper, and found that lady in tears over a book of sermons.

"Dear Mrs. Piper," cried Bella, with a sympathizing look, "have you been feeling worse this morning?"

"No, Bella, bodily I'm much the same, but I've been giving way. It's very wrong of me, I know, but there are times when I do give way. To-day I haven't been able to feel quite happy in my mind. I don't feel my calling and election sure. I don't feel myself sealed with the seal of righteousness. I don't feel myself a chosen vessel."

"You to say this, dear Mrs. Piper! You, who have been so good!"

"If goodness lies in reading sermons, Bella, and in constant attendance at chapel or church, I may say I have done my duty. We were chapel people in Great Yafford, you know, my dear; but when we came to the Park, Piper and me both felt that chapel wasn't consistent. Such a house as this, and seven in-door servants, don't accord with chapel, so we became Church of England people, as you know, Bella; but I don't think I've ever felt so sure of salvation since. Mr. Dulcimer is a fine preacher, but he has never given me assurance of salvation. No more has Mr. Culverhouse, though his sermons go through my heart like an arrow. Church is very nice, Bella, and I don't deny that the bonnets and general appearance of the congregation bear a higher stamp, but chapel is the place to make a sinner comfortable in his mind. Since I have been confined to these rooms, Bella, and my mind taken off the housekeeping, I feel there is something wanting. I should so like to have a little talk with Mr. Mowler, of Zion Chapel, our old minister. I know that he would understand me, and—"

"Not better than Mr. Culverhouse," cried Bella, eagerly. "You don't know how good he is, how tender of one's feelings, how sympathetic. I have visited among his poor, and have heard him talk to sick people. He is an angel of consolation. Do let him come and sit with you, and read or talk to you."

"I shouldn't mind," said Mrs. Piper, "but I'm afraid his views are not evangelical enough for me."

"I don't know much about his views, but I know it is beautiful to hear him talk. Shall I ask him to come this afternoon?"

"You may, if you like, Bella, if you can take such a liberty. I want some one to strengthen my hope of redemption. There was a time when I believed myself one of the elect, but sitting alone up here my thoughts have dwelt upon many things that never troubled me when I had the free use of my limbs. I begin to think that church-going and pious reading may not be all in all. I have been like Martha, troubled about many things. I have worried myself too much about the things of this world. I have not considered the lilies of the field or the birds of the air. I have not been grateful enough for my many blessings, or kind enough to my neighbors. Providence has showered wealth upon me and Piper, and I'm afraid we might have made a better use of it."

"I am sure you have been kind to me," said Bella.

"I might have been kinder. I'm afraid I've only been kind because you've been useful to me. I suppose there's some spots and stains in the lives of the best of us; but my life seems to me all blackened over with weeds and foul spots when I look back upon it. Oh, Bella, to think of the many things I might have done! There's my own blood relations—I've kept them at arms-length because I thought their clothes and manners would be a blot upon this house. I've been a slave to this house, and the slavery has killed me. I was a happier woman when we lived in the Great Yafford Road, and I helped to make the beds and dust the rooms every morning, and make my own pastry and cakes. That was what I was born for, Bella, not to be cheated and down-trodden by a parcel of stuck-up servants."

"I shall pass Mr. Culverhouse's lodgings as I go home," said Bella. "I'll ask him to come and chat with you."

"You may, my dear, though I don't feel that I shall get the same comfort from him that I should from Mr. Mowler."

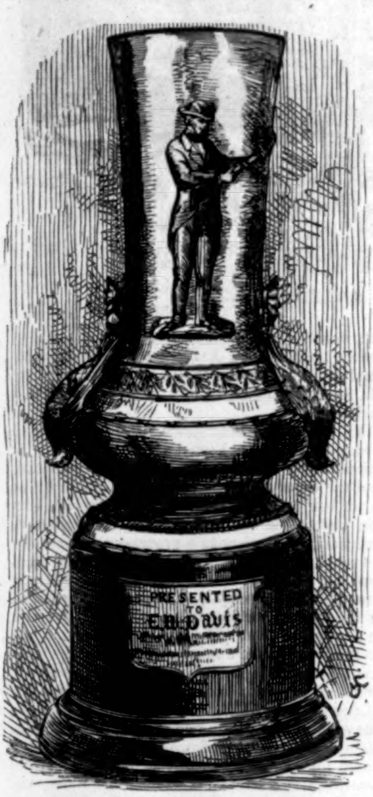
Bella walked briskly through the Park, reflecting on the foolishness of human nature. Here was Mrs. Piper, to whom had been given such great prosperity, and who had made so little use of her advantages, frittering away life upon trivial anxieties, and missing the chance of happiness. She looked along the fine old avenue, and thought how much grandeur and importance a sensible young woman like herself might have derived from such surroundings; but on poor Mrs. Piper all these good things had been thrown away. That poor dull bit of agate looked ridiculous in a splendid setting which would have been quite in harmony with a shining little gem like Bella

Scratchell. It was a clear bright winter day, the sky blue, the moor a warm purple, the leafless woods lightly powdered with snow, and white patches lying here and there among the dark trunks of oak and elm. Bella walked quickly through the Park and along the high-road leading to the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BENNETT CUP.

The accompanying engraving shows the elegant silver cup presented to the Narragansett Gun Club by Mr. **James Gordon Bennett**, which was shot for on August 13 on the club grounds near Newport, Rhode Island. The cup is of sterling silver, in the form of a vase, the main part of the surface being "satin" finished or frosted. The vase is classic in outline, flaring toward the top, which is open. At either side is a finely modeled pigeon hanging by the feet, dead. The front is ado[illegible]ith an effigy in relief of a marksman with gun in hand, and so perfectly is this figure executed that every thread of the garments is seen as plainly as in reality, and even the texture of the skin is easily discernible. On the reverse appears the name, "Bennett Cup," in raised block letters, which, being burnished, stand out in striking relief against the frosted surface. Around the lower part of the vase is a wide border of laurel, which, with the sculptured figures, is tinted in a peculiar and beautiful manner. The height, including the ebony base on which it stands, is twenty-six inches. The cup was made by Messrs. **Tiffany** & Co.



The shooting on this occasion was very brilliant. On the tenth round it appeared that four of the contestants had each killed nine out of ten birds, and it became necessary to shoot off the tie. In the final contest Mr. E. W. **Davis**, of Providence, Rhode Island, was the victor, and to him the cup was accordingly awarded.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 2.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 9.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 16.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 23.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 29.—St. Michael.
Sunday, 30.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The work of the Chautauqua Assembly is this year so multifarious that the programme is quite bewildering. The people who attend will, without doubt, carry away a great variety of impressions. The proceedings opened, August 4, with a Reform Congress. Temperance was advocated by Messrs. **Gough** and **Murphy**. Mr. **Bergh** sent a letter expressing his regret that he could not appear to plead for humanity to dumb animals. Christian Associations were also represented.

The Sunday-school Assembly opened August 7. On the 8th, the Rev. **Joseph Cook** delivered one of his stirring addresses. Normal classes were established, and lessons given in the theory and practice of teaching, also in Greek, Hebrew, and the geography and topography of the Holy Land. A model of Palestine was exhibited, through which daily journeys were taken, with a well-travelled clergyman as a guide. And when to these are added brass-bands, choral singing, morning and evening chimes of bells, and fire-works, it will be seen that the managers of the Chautauqua gathering are determined to make the ways of Sunday-school teachers emphatically "ways of pleasantness." Throughout all the medley of exercises the serious purpose of conveying instruction appears to have been well maintained. The speeches of Messrs. **Gough** and **Murphy** were masterpieces of their kind—alike, and yet unlike; brightened with flashes of humor, yet at times pathetic. It was a happy thought to bring together the veteran of thirty years' continuous toil and the new disciple on the same platform. Mr. **Cook** does not hesitate to discuss before these mixed assemblies the hardest problems of metaphysics. His topics were, "Conscience," "Certainties in Religion," "Does Death end All," "New England Skepticism," "God in Natural Law," "Decline of Rationalism in Germany." The number of persons in attendance on the opening of the Sunday-school Assembly was estimated at 8000.

A fair test of the influence of the Christian Church in restraining the passions which lead to labor riots is given in a report made by the Rev. **William Craven**, pastor of the Halsted Street Methodist Church, Chicago. This edifice stands near the viaduct, where the worst of the rioting in that city took place. The congregation numbers 600, and the Sunday-school 1000 persons. "The large majority of these 1100 or 1200 persons," says the pastor, "live in and around Halsted Street, and quite a proportion of them are foreign-born or children of foreign parents." The facts show (1) that no one connected with the congregation is to be found in the list of the killed or wounded. (2) No man, woman, or child connected with the congregation or school was seen or known to be in any manner participant in the riot. On the Sunday after the close of the riotous proceedings, thirty persons were received into full membership, after a blameless probation of six months.

Among the notable deaths recently announced is that of Mr. **Chauncey Rose**, of Terre Haute, Indiana. He had reached the age of eighty-three years. Mr. **Rose** was one of the earliest of the railroad builders of that State, but had distinguished himself by the largeness and variety of his charitable gifts. He had, it is said, distributed in charity $2,000,000. The Ross Polytechnic Institute was built and endowed by him, as also a County Orphans' Home. Large sums were also given by him to the Ladies' Aid Society of Terre Haute, the Hospital of the Sisters of Providence, the State Normal School, and Wabash College. Mr. **Rose** was a native of Connecticut.

The American delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Council are rapidly returning home. Among the arrivals are Dr. **William Adams**, Dr. **Philip Schaff**, and Dr. **Dickson**, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. **Adams** thus states his impression of the results of the meeting: "The best result will be more of active evangelism. History has demonstrated that the system of belief represented by the reformed Churches is essentially aggressive. It will be a serious disappointment if the deliberations of the Council are not succeeded by renewed activity, and wise co-operation in all Christian missions at home and abroad.... Though this Council was Presbyterian, its crowning excellence was its recognition of Christian unity. This was the key-note of Professor **Flint**'s excellent sermon at the opening, and it was the last echo of the closing addresses, particularly of the most admirable paper of Dr. **Dykes**, of London. Our last look was directed not to **Calvin**, not to **Knox**, not to **Chalmers**, but to that great central orb, 'the bright and morning star,' in whom all Christian believers are one."

The great camp-meetings are reserved for August. That at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, opened on the 15th of the month with an attendance which is described as unprecedented. Many of the visitors have sought lodgings in the adjoining Asbury Park. Besides this, the camp-meeting at Sing Sing, New York, began August 14, the Martha's Vineyard meeting, August 20, and the Thousand Islands Sunday-school Parliament, August 21.

It has been nearly if not quite two years since the bequest by Mr. J. B. **Winn**, of Woburn, Massachusetts, of a large sum in trust for the benefit of the Unitarian denomination, was noticed in this Intelligence. The Rev. E. E. **Hale** and Dr. A. P. **Peabody** were named as the trustees. The Supreme Court has ordered the following disposition of the money: $43,000 to the Harvard Divinity School, for the founding of a Winn Professorship of Ecclesiastical History; $2000 to Antioch College, Ohio; $20,000 to the Society for the Encouragement of Religious Education; $13,000 to the American Unitarian Association; $6000 to Humboldt College, Iowa; $1500 to the Unitarian church in Trenton, New York; and the residue to the Society for Encouraging Religious Education.

The Rev. **Joseph Cook**'s course of Monday noon lectures in the Tremont Temple, Boston, will begin October 1, and continue till May 1. It has been decided to reserve the front seats of the balcony, and some others, to be disposed of at a fixed price. The desire to hear Mr. **Cook** has grown much during the past year.

Very appropriately the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bennington was preceded by a suitable commemoration on Sunday in the churches. This was appropriate for general reasons, but especially so when it is remembered that one of the heroes of the famous battle was the Rev. **John Allen**, of Pittsfield, who went out with the Berkshire men, and no doubt preached much, but fought more. Among the preachers on the memorial day were the Rev. **Frederick G. Clark**, of Albany, and the Rev. **Isaac Jennings**, both sons of former Bennington pastors.

The secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions announce that the aggregate deficiency for eleven months of the present financial year is $28,875. The contributions for August will need to be $90,000, in order that the board may close the year without debt.

Dr. **Edwin F. Hatfield**, the stated clerk of the American Presbyterian Assembly, has issued the statistics of the Northern Church up to April 1, 1877. The Synods are 37; Presbyteries, 175; ministers, 4801; licensures, 152; pastoral dissolutions, 224; churches, 5153; communicants added on examination, 43,068; on certificate, 20,702; total number of communicants, 557,674; Sunday-school members, 581,606; total of contributions, $8,295,361, of which sum $6,273,218 were for congregational purposes. The members average a little over 100 to each church; the net increase of communicants is 22,464. The contributions for all purposes show a falling off of $514,862 as compared with 1876, and of $1,791,165 as compared with 1872.

The English people continue to be much excited over the book known as the *Priest in Absolution*. The Church Association is extremely active, and is holding meetings in which the practice of confession is denounced. The Exeter Hall gathering filled all parts of the building. This was followed by another in the Free Trade Hall of Manchester. The resolutions adopted denounce the movement of the ritualistic confessors as "a conspiracy against the doctrine, the discipline, and the practice" of the national Church. On the other hand, the ritualists do not yield a particle. They have had presented in Parliament a petition, signed by over 47,000 persons of the working classes, for the repeal of the "Public Worship Regulation Act." Mr. **Mackonochie**, at a meeting of the Holborn branch of the English Church Union, read extracts from the obnoxious book, and defended its use. His speech was concluded amid loud cheers from his audience. Colonel **Childers**, following him, moved thanks to the "Society of the Holy Cross" for refusing to repudiate the *Priest in Absolution*. Dr. **Pusey** has republished, in one of the English papers, his preface to the Abbé **Gaume**'s *Manual of Confession*. This, he says, embodies his experience of forty years. He takes the position that the Tractarian revival is essentially "sacramental," and includes in it confession and absolution. It is plain that the ritualists intend to contest the ground with their antagonists inch by inch.

FROTH.

Children sometimes ask, and men and women need not be ashamed to ask, why is froth always white or nearly white, whatever may be the color of the liquid underneath it? To answer the question, we shall have to determine what froth really is in itself, and how it is formed.

Take a filled ale jug, or the well-known "pewter" of a tavern or public-house, and pour out gently into a glass: scarcely any froth is produced. Pour out the self-same liquor from the self-same vessel in a stream several inches high, and you produce a foaming "head," which to the eye seems to be a substance quite different from ale or beer. Open a bottle of lemonade or ginger-beer, of soda-water or seltzer-water, and pour out the contents into a glass; the formation of froth is so rapid and abundant that the glass appears full when it really contains but a small quantity of liquid. Open a bottle of Bass's ale or of Guinness's stout; the froth is still more opaque and pronounced. Look at a cup of tea or coffee soon after the sugar has been added; there will often be seen a small covering of froth on the surface, which froth, if not actually white, is much more so than the liquid beneath. Watch the movements of the paddle-wheels of a steamer; the water thrown back from them is covered with foam of dazzling whiteness, the intensity of the white increasing with the rapidity of the wheel's motion.

In all these cases, and in multitudes of like kind, the froth seems to result from agitation; a quiescent liquid seldom presents symptoms of this nature. But agitation alone would not do it. Supposing it were possible for human beings to live, or for pints of ale to exist, without *air*, there would be no such thing as froth. In pouring out ale or other liquid, the falling stream becomes mingled with a portion of the atmospheric air which surrounds us; and it also buries, as it were, the air contained in the apparently empty glass: the result is, a mixture of ale and air, instead of ale only. Under ordinary circumstances, liquids contain as much air as they are capable of absorbing; the additional quantity is expelled. But how? It can not rise in a body to the surface, but divides into minute spherical portions or air bubbles, which ascend to the top of the liquid on account of their levity or comparative lightness.

This, however, is not all; if it were, the bubbles would burst directly they come to the surface, and froth would not have an opportunity of forming. Cohesion comes into action—the cohesion between the particles of every liquid. The bubbles of air, as they rise from the body of the ale, beer, or other liquid, are able to penetrate between the particles; but when they arrive at the surface they encounter a film of liquid cohesive enough to restrain for a time their final escape into the atmosphere. Froth consists of bubbles, each a tiny globular portion of air, bounded on the upper surface by an exceedingly thin film of liquid; the bubbles retain this position and condition until the struggle ends as a victory for one of the belligerents. The ascensive power of the air within the bubble overcomes the cohesive power of the liquid film or covering, and "the bubble bursts"—our beverage loses its frothy "head." The length of time that elapses before the air escapes by the bursting of the bubble depends chiefly on the viscidity of the liquid. If we pour ale into one vessel and water into another, from equal heights, we shall find that the former will present a frothy surface, the latter a more instantaneous sparkling appearance; the power of retention being greater in the former instance than in the latter. In other words, ale having a greater specific gravity than water, and also greater viscidity, the bubble formed has a thicker coating, and requires a longer time for its disrupture. Taking the round of all the "frothy headings," we find the same rule prevail. In the spray from the paddle of a steamboat, in the froth on the surface of beverages, in the sparkles on a cup of tea, the air is in the first place entangled among the particles of liquid, and thus forms bubbles in the struggle to escape. Although carbonic acid may, in regard to physical properties, be ranked as a kind of air, the formation of froth in effervescing liquids is slightly different.

But why is froth *white?* Porter, ale, tea, coffee, Champagne, water, differ very considerably in color; yet in all of these, when froth is produced it is white. This appears to be due to the reflection of the light from the outer surface of the several bubbles. When the surface is thus broken up, we have a cluster of little spheres, each of which presents a reflection to the eye from some part of its surface; and as there may be tens of thousands of these in a very small space, the effects become united, and are recognized as a whiteness. It is simply an aggregation of small effects to produce one more conspicuous. If the bubbles are large, then fewer of them can be contained in a given area; consequently the number of convex reflecting surfaces is smaller, and the united effect less brilliant—in other words, less white.

But it may still be asked by some of us, how is it that the froth of a *reddish* liquid, such as beer, is white? The phenomena of reflected light must again be appealed to for the means of solving this problem. The color of a liquid (not its froth) is determined by the transmitted light, not the reflected. If liquor be contained in a transparent glass vessel held between the eye and the light, and we look *through* it, the eye receives the light transmitted by the liquid, and deems the color of that light to be the color of the liquid itself; but if we pour the liquor into an open vessel, and look obliquely at the surface, we shall find that the color does not deviate much from whiteness, whatever the transmitted color may be. The liquid, whatever be its body color, is, when agitated, broken up into detached portions at its surface by the formation of bubbles, and each bubble reflects to the eye a portion of the light which falls upon it. Consequently, if this reflected light is nearly white in all cases, the resulting assemblage of bubbles, generally known as froth, must always appear white or nearly white. We can easily understand the greater yellowness of the froth on strong Dublin stout than that on pale Burton ale; the more tenacious liquor forms a thicker and consequently less clearly reflecting bubble than that on the more limpid.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Mr. **Erskine** of Dun, a gentleman of Angus, had an ancient valet named Gabriel, whose petulance and license of speech went so far as to be almost intolerable. One day, as Mr. Erskine was sitting at dinner and conversing with a mixed company of friends, Gabriel took the liberty of calling something which he had said "a great lee." "Well," said the laird, really offended, and rising from the table, "this will do no longer, Gabriel—we must part at last." "Hout, tout, laird," replied Gabriel, pressing his master again into his chair, "whaur wad yer honor be better than in your ain house?" not conceiving the possibility of his being the moving party.

When is a ship like a dress-maker?—When she's rounding the Cape or tacking about.

It is estimated that there are two thousand four hundred disorders to which the human frame is liable. When a man is laid up with the rheumatism, he is apt to think that the entire number has struck him in concert.

There was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband who, being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

A young lady had coquetted until the victim was completely exhausted. He rose to go away. She whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening." "So shall I," he replied.

"Were you a member of the army?" asked a traveller of a wooden-legged man. "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "I was membered by a recruiting officer, dismembered by a Russian artillerist, and remembered by a peg-leg manufacturer."

A member of an American club objected to the publication of the list of the meeting nights of the club, "because," he said, "if it's published, we married men will have to account for the off nights." The motion to publish was lost.

A pompous Scotch advocate succeeded in bemuddling a country witness by asking him whether he thought the prisoner was *compos mentis*. The witness could only grin and look foolish. At last the judge interposed: "Noo jist tell me, do ye think is there ony thing in him?" "De'il a thing," burst out the man, with a smile from ear to ear, "but what's put intil him wi' the spune!"

JARVIS'S MORAL.

Rector. "Those pigs of yours are in fine condition, Jarvis."

Jarvis. "Yes, Sur, they be. Ah, Sur, if we wos all on us on'y as fit to die as them are, Sur, we'd do!"

Facts to remember.—Some men are good because goodness pays best; some are good for nothing.

Does a piano-player display good execution when he murders the piece?

WONDERFUL MUSIC.

German Professor. "Brava! brava! Your rendering of the *andante* passage entirely conveys the idea—that of a blue sky; a few clouds, rosy in the golden west; the lake lightly rippled; and two lovers in their boat, lost in the dreamy deliciousness of the hour."

An eminent sculptor devoted himself for many years to his statue of the ideal woman. One day an acquaintance in Italy spoke to him of the long time he had given to the work. "Well," said he, smilingly, "since it takes Nature eighteen years to make a beautiful woman, why should I finish my work more quickly?"

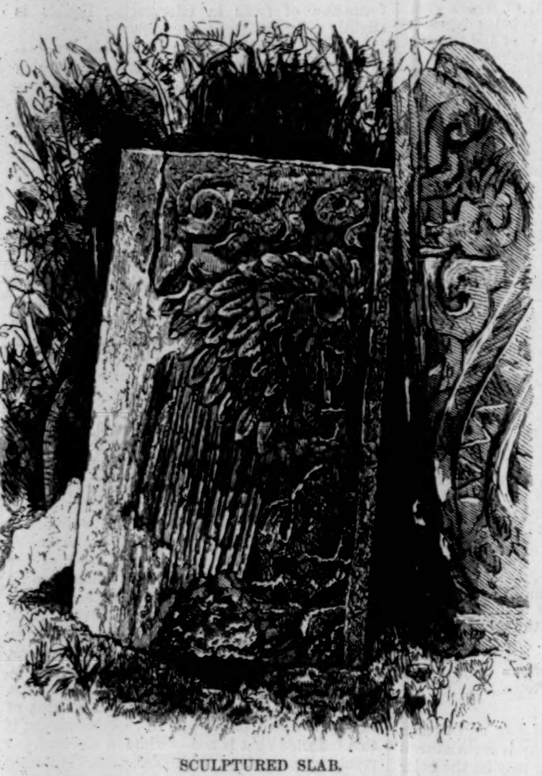
BITING.

Master Jackey (*inquiringly*). "Why don't baby eat buns, aunty?"

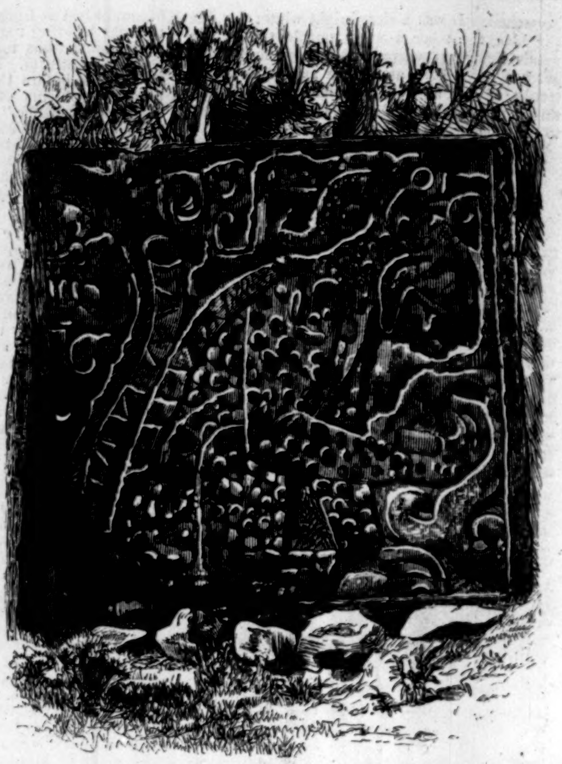
Aunt Singleton. "Because she has no teeth, dear."

Master Jackey (*audibly*). "Then why can't you lend her yours, aunty? You ain't *always* using 'em."

A wicked Suggestion.—A Frenchman has suggested a new kind of duel. The men are to appear on the ground without weapons, but with at least one coin between them. At the word "fire," they toss, and the loser has forthwith to invite his mother-in-law to come and live with the family. This project has, after all, its drawbacks. Why discourage dueling to promote suicide?



SCULPTURED SLAB.



SCULPTURED SLAB.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

THE Maya ruins in Yucatan, so graphically described by JOHN L. STEPHENS in his books of travel, and afterward by the French traveller DÉSIRÉ CHARNAY, are destined to attract the attention of archæologists in Europe and America still more decidedly through the excavations and discoveries of DR. AUGUSTUS LE PLONGEON, a native of the island of Jersey, of French parentage, who has been residing in Yucatan since 1874 for the purpose of studying the remarkable monuments of that peninsula, and making researches among its ruined temples. This traveller was prepared for the work he has undertaken by his experience with Mr. SQUIER in his antiquarian journey in Peru, where he acted as photographer. Since he has been in Yucatan he has passed most of his time in the famous ruins of Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, and Aké, of which he took a series of 125 photographic views; and in all of his labors he has been assisted by his accomplished wife, Mrs. ALICE LE PLONGEON. During a visit to the ruins of Chichen-Itza this intelligent and indefatigable investigator succeeded in finding a very remarkable entire statue, finished "in the round," which, with great labor and at considerable expense, he excavated from a depth of thirty feet in one of its decorated, elevated edifices.

The statue is thus described by Señor JUAN PEON CONTRERAS, director of the Museo Yucateco of Merida, Yucatan, to which place it was brought on the 1st of March of the present year: "The colossal stone image weighs about 3500 pounds, and, together with its base, is cut from a solid block nine feet in length. Its imposing and majestic attitude and the insignia which adorn it lead to the supposition that it was the likeness of some notable leader of the time—a king or a noble. It was reached at a depth of eight meters, not far from the manorial castle of Chichen. According to the discoverer, the mausoleum or monument in which this statue was found was erected to the memory of CHAC-MOOL, an Itza king, by the queen, his wife. Chac-Mool is a Maya word, signifying tiger. At a short distance from this building another stone statue, representing a tiger, was found, which, it is presumed, once surmounted the mausoleum." The statue was undoubtedly excavated from the building which surmounts the southeast wall of the so-called Gymnasium, which is described in STEPHENS's *Travels in Yucatan*, vol. ii., p. 308.

The accompanying engravings are copied from original photographs, of which there is a series of twelve different views relating to the discovery of the statue.

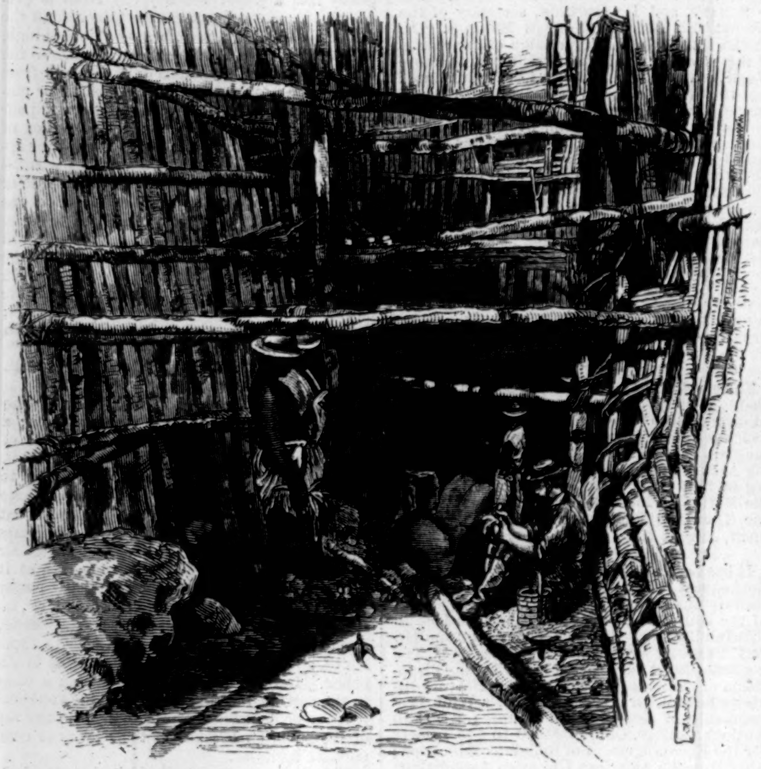
No. 1 is half of a sculptured slab which probably closed the opening of the tomb whence the statue was excavated. It represents a bird of prey, and, together with its complement, may have indicated the title and office of the prince for whom the tomb was erected.

No. 2 is the second half of the door above spoken of, and represents a tiger.

No. 3 shows the position of the statue in process of removal from its position, thirty feet under-ground. The sides of the excavation are supported artificially, and Indian workmen appear in the picture. Dr. LE PLONGEON, the discoverer, is shown seated at the right of the picture.

No. 4. Here the statue is seen liberated from its long imprisonment.

No. 5 shows the statue mounted on the rude wagon upon which it was to be transported ninety miles to the city of Merida. In the background is a church constructed entirely of stone taken from neighboring ruins, where possibly precious works of art like the one here represented have been concealed by the mistaken fanaticism of the Spanish conquerors of the sixteenth century.



EXCAVATING THE STATUE.

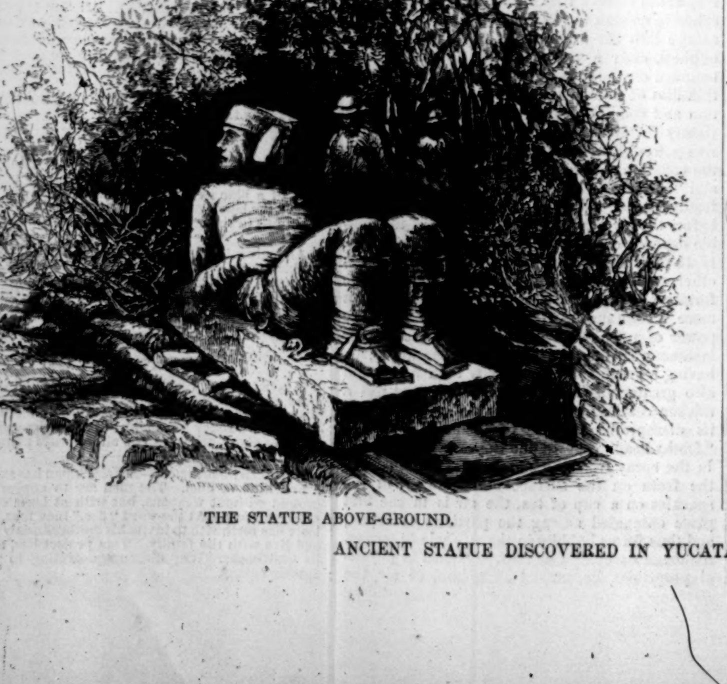
On the passage of this work of art through the monumetal town of Izamal, and when it arrived at Merida, enthusiastic receptions were accorded to it, in which the Governor and official dignitaries participated, as well as the school-children and citizens, and poems were recited and addresses were delivered upon the occasion.

This statue, which differs from those previously found in being an independent figure finished on all sides, was intended by Dr. LE PLONGEON to be sent to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, but this purpose was frustrated by the interposition of the government, and since its formal reception at Merida, Yucatan, this work of art has been carried to the National Museum of the City of Mexico.

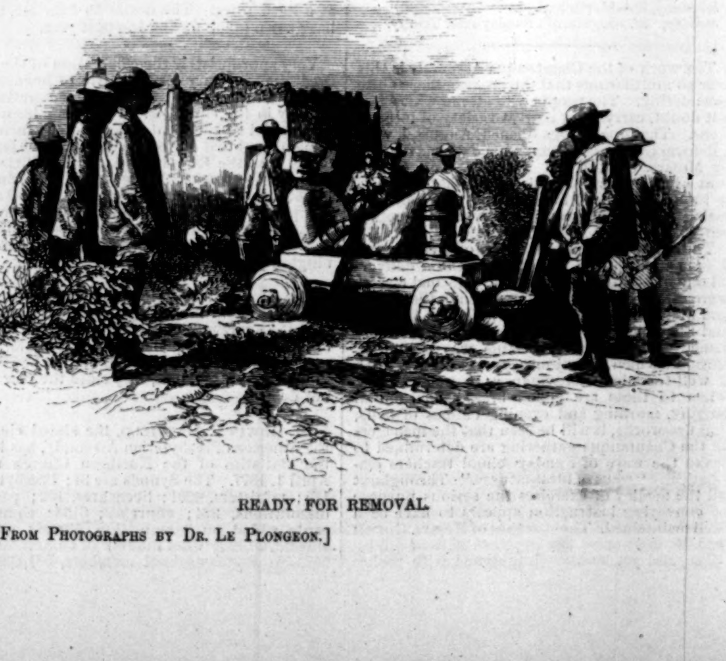
Dr. LE PLONGEON has recently made archæological visits to the Yucatan islands of Cozumel and Mugeres, where he photographed ruins, made plans of buildings, and took notes of his observations. It is believed that particulars of his discoveries, as well as many new archæological facts, will be made known when this indefatigable traveller publishes the work which he is preparing about his scientific labors in the ruins of Yucatan. His last letters are from Balize, British Honduras.

The recovery of this important historical treasure, and the labors of Dr. LE PLONGEON in Yucatan, were the subject of an interesting paper read before the American Antiquarian Society at their semi-annual meeting, on the 26th of April, by Mr. STEPHEN SALISBURY, Jun., of Worcester, Massachusetts.

Mr. STEPHENS's description of the building to which reference has been made is as follows: "It consists of two ranges, one even with the ground, and the other about twenty-five feet above it, the latter being in a good state of preservation, simple, tasteful in its arrangement of ornaments, and having conspicuous a procession of tigers or lynxes....From its lofty position, with trees growing around it and on the roof, the effect is beautifully picturesque, and it may be regarded as the most important structure that we met with in our exploration. The lower building, standing on the ground, is in a ruinous condition; the front has fallen, and shows only the remains of two columns covered with sculptured figures; the fall of the front has laid bare the entire wall of the chamber, covered from one end to the other with elaborately sculptured figures in bass-relief. Exposed for ages to a long succession of winds and rains, the characters were faded and worn; under the glare of a tropical sun the lines were confused and indistinct, and the reflection of the heat was so intense that it was impossible to work before it except for an hour or two in the afternoon, when the building was in the shade. The head-dress of the figures is, as usual, a plume of feathers, and in the upper row each figure carries a bundle of spears or a quiver of arrows. The steps or other means of access to this building are gone, and we reached it by clambering over fallen stones. The front corridor was supported by massive pillars, portions of which still remain, covered with elaborate sculptured ornaments. The lintel of the inner door is a beam of sapote, richly carved. The jambs are partly buried, and above the rubbish appear sculptured figures with rich head-dresses, which any where else we should have considered it necessary to bring to light and copy; but between these jambs we enter an inner chamber, the walls and ceilings of which are covered from the floor to the peak of the arch with designs in painting, representing, in bright and vivid colors, human figures, battles, houses, trees, and scenes of domestic life; and conspicuous on one of the walls is a large canoe."



THE STATUE ABOVE-GROUND.

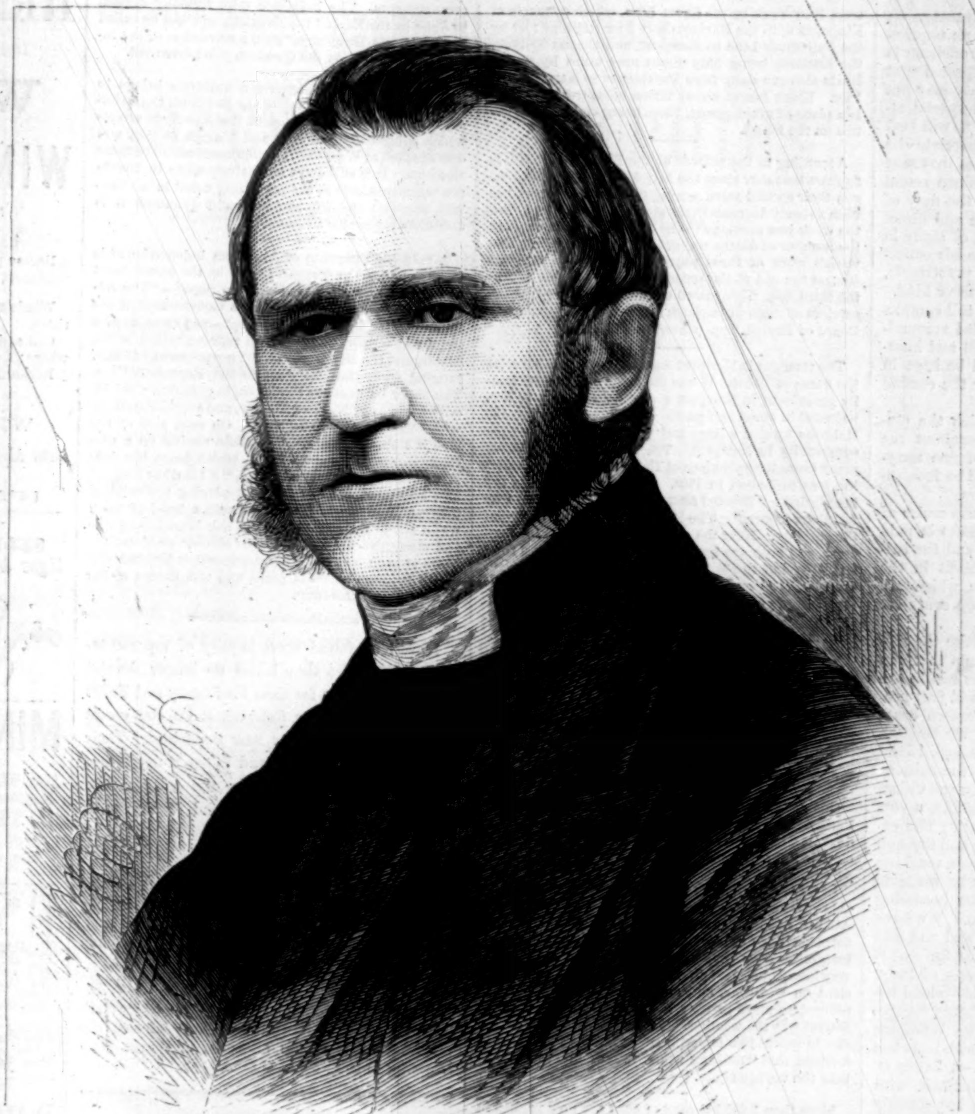


READY FOR REMOVAL.

ANCIENT STATUE DISCOVERED IN YUCATAN.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. LE PLONGEON.]

THE REV. W. B. POPE, D.D.

This clergyman, who was elected President of the Wesleyan Conference recently convened at Bristol, England, is one of the most distinguished modern preachers and theologians of the Methodist connection. It is doubtful if the Wesleyans have ever had in their ranks a more distinguished theological scholar. He was born in Nova Scotia in the year 1822; but, while he was yet an infant, his parents returned with him to their native country, and settled in the west of England. He received a classical education in a private school in the neighborhood of Plymouth. He early showed an aptitude for the ministry and a love for theological study. He went to the Wesleyan Theological Institution at Hoxton for the training of ministers, where he was a diligent student. On leaving that college he was appointed to a circuit in the year 1842. Since that time he has continually gained reputation, and has travelled in some of the most important circuits, including Manchester, Hull, London, and Leeds. As a preacher, he is distinguished by his ability in exposition and his acuteness of reasoning. He dwells occasionally upon the most refined theological distinctions, and his sermons are always characterized by close reasoning and spirituality of tone. In the year 1867 he was appointed Divinity Professor in the Wesleyan College at Didsbury, and has continued to fill that post with great ability and assiduity. He is the author of several high-class theological works, and has been for some years the editor of the London *Quarterly Review.* Among his principal works are *The Prayers of St. Paul*, *The Person of Christ*, and a *Compendium of Theology.* The degree of Doctor of Divinity was recently conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh. It has fallen to his lot to preside over the last Conference into which laymen are not admitted.



THE REV. W. B. POPE, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

AROUND THE WORLD.

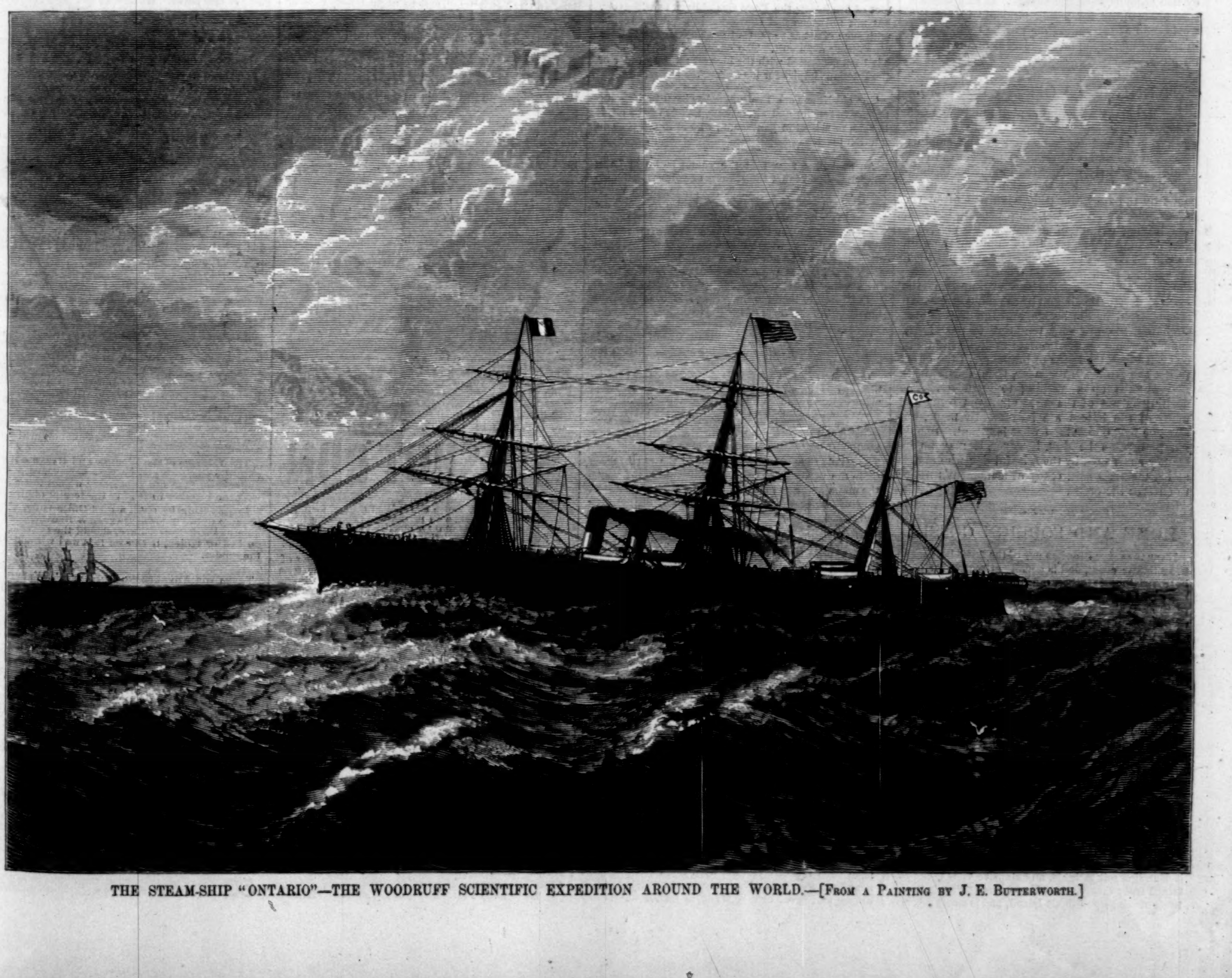
On the 1st of October next the stanch and commodious steam-ship *Ontario* will sail from New York upon a scientific expedition around the world. She will be a floating college, with a complement of about four hundred students and a faculty of experienced teachers, including a number of scientific gentlemen of acknowledged ability, several of whom have had much experience in scientific expeditions.

The *Ontario* is a thoroughly built and well-appointed ship. She has four decks, is 390 feet long, forty-six feet wide, and forty feet deep. A flush deck runs her whole length, and will greatly add to the comfort of the passengers. All the passengers can be accommodated with state-rooms. Great attention has been paid to the ventilation of the ship, and a circulation of pure air has been insured by the introduction of several large "blower pipes," through which fresh air is driven by steam. The *Ontario* has seen only four years of service, is one of the strongest vessels afloat, and her machinery has been put in thorough order for this cruise. She is fitted with state-rooms and saloons for work, study, lectures, and all other uses of a scientific and educational tour, and is provided with steam-launches, an adequate number of smaller boats, and an ample armament. A large library will be furnished, in which especial care will be taken to supply the members with the best works on science and travel, particularly those relating to the places embraced in the route, with a full and suitable provision of scientific apparatus for the illustration of the subjects of study, and the investigation of all natural products and phenomena that may be deemed desirable. Especial attention will be constantly given to the sanitary condition of the vessel, and the health, comfort, and convenience of all on board. The *Ontario* will be commanded by Commander John W. Philip, of the United States navy, who will have under him a full corps of experienced officers and a large crew of trained and picked seamen.

The purpose of the expedition is to visit points of general and special interest on a route around the globe, to study the arts, archæology, and present condition of the better-known countries, and the geology, geography, fauna, and flora, as well as the history and character of the people, of those less known, and to make collections in the various departments of science.

To this end the expedition will be absent two years, and will afford opportunities for seeing the greater part of the world, under far more favorable circumstances and at less expense than could possibly be done on a smaller scale or by individual enterprise, and the expedition, also, will enable schools, colleges, and museums to form collections and preparations of rare or beautiful or typical forms to a greater extent and at less cost than has been hitherto possible.

A systematic course of instruction will be begun as soon as practicable after the vessel leaves New York. It will consist chiefly of lectures on



THE STEAM-SHIP "ONTARIO"—THE WOODRUFF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION AROUND THE WORLD.—[From a Painting by J. E. Butterworth.]

all subjects that can be studied to advantage on an expedition of this character. As no requirement of previous scientific study or proficiency is demanded of any student, it is not expected that many will be so far advanced that they may not profit by elementary instruction, and special attention will be given to such teaching as will best prepare them to understand and appreciate the scientific investigations and discoveries that may be made in the countries visited. When actual field work is in progress, it will be the duty of each member of the faculty to advise and direct the students who pursue the branch of study in his charge how to make and preserve his collections, and to give instruction, when practicable, upon the specimens collected of whatever kind.

The vessel will be supplied with a full complement of breech-loading rifles and fixed ammunition for the purposes of military drill and hunting. All arms and ammunition will be kept in the armory and the magazine, under the control of the officers of the vessel.

A uniform has been adopted, which the student will be expected to wear throughout the voyage. It consists of dress suit of fine navy-blue cloth, overcoat, and cap, and will be furnished to all who desire it, for fifty dollars.

The expenses of each student for the cruise of two years will be $2500, of which $500 is paid as booking fee, $500 before sailing, and the balance, $1500, to be in a letter of credit in the name of the trustees, drafts under which are only to be drawn at the rate of $500 every six months.

The route of the expedition will take the students to most of the interesting points that can be reached by water, including places within the limits of short land excursions. It will first proceed to the West Indies, skirt the eastern coast of South America, pass into the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan, touch at various island groups in that ocean and points on the western coast of South America, cross to Japan and China, visit India, Borneo, etc. If time permits, a voyage will be made up the Persian Gulf. The expedition will then sail up the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean, touching at Jaffa, whence an excursion may be made to Jerusalem. Nearly all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean will be visited. We have not space to give the route in full, and will add only that opportunity will be afforded for excursions to the most interesting portions of Italy, Spain, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland before the expedition starts upon the home voyage.

The expedition is known as "The Woodruff Scientific Expedition around the World." It has been organized under the direction of JAMES O. WOODRUFF, Esq., of Indianapolis, Indiana, with whom the idea originated, and who has contributed liberally to the fund required to carry it out successfully. The national government has heartily approved it, and, through the American ministers and consuls abroad, will secure throughout the route such a recognition and reception at the ports touched as will add materially to the efficiency and enjoyment of the voyage. It will afford a rare opportunity for young students to see the world, and at the same time pursue their studies in science under the most pleasant and favorable auspices.

WARNING TO CITY VISITORS.

MR. REINHART'S admirable picture on page 685 is suggestive of a serious annoyance to which the farmer is sometimes subjected in the summer season at the hands of trespassers from the city, who thoughtlessly, oftener than maliciously, damage his property. For the sake of saving a few steps by the road, the pedestrian will often cut across lots, trampling the grain beneath his feet, and leaving a path of destruction behind him. To save himself the trouble of climbing the wall, he will let down the bars and forget to put them up again. Then the cattle from the road enter the gap, and before the farmer knows it the work of destruction begun by the thoughtless man is completed by the beasts, and the crop is lost. Orchards, too, are very tempting to passers-by, some of whom do not hesitate to stone the trees, or even break the limbs or branches, in the effort to get the fruit. No wonder, then, that Farmer B—— nails up a warning to intruders. The spelling is not of the most approved form, and many of the letters are indifferently made, but any one may understand what is meant. Should his perception be dull, however, it may be instantly sharpened by the faithful dog who stands at his master's feet, ready at a moment's notice to enforce the order.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NARRAGANSETT PIER has one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast, and is equally attractive for bathing or driving. It is three miles long, hard and smooth; the surf is light, the water deepens very gradually; there are no strong under-currents, and sea-bathing seems here to be perfectly safe. Within the past ten years the Pier has become a popular resort for those who desire comfort rather than fashion, unconventional pleasures rather than any routine prescribed by custom. There are some eighteen or twenty hotels, where good accommodations can be obtained at a reasonable price. Every morning, about eleven o'clock, the bathing beach presents a lively scene. The bathers, in gay costume, swarm out from the bath-houses and plunge fearlessly into the surf. Little children gambol about the water's edge, going in as far as they fancy with perfect safety, mothers and nurses watching them from the beach when they do not actually join them. Nowhere is surf-bathing more enjoyable. But there are other attractions at Narragansett—sailing, driving, fishing, to say nothing of sitting dreamily upon the rocks, watching the restless waves as they dash up and break upon the rocky points. The drive along the beach at even-tide is charming, and one should not fail to visit Narragansett Heights, an extensive view being obtained from Tower Hill. Narragansett Pier is in the town of Kingston, Rhode Island, and is easily reached from New York by the Shore Line, which connects at Kingston with the Narragansett Pier Railroad; or by the Fall River Line to Newport, and thence by boat, the distance being only about nine miles by water. Boats also run daily from Providence to Narragansett Pier. Block Island, about fifteen miles from the Pier, is a place of much resort, there being eight or ten hotels on the island.

According to the records of the Board of Health, it appears that ever since the fifty district physicians began their special work among the sick poor there has been a steady decrease in the mortality of this city. For the week just previous to the beginning of their work the number of deaths was 831. At the end of the first week's work of these physicians the death rate was 754; at the end of the second, 717; and at the end of the third, 654. This record certainly indicates that the services of these physicians, under the direction of the Board of Health, have proved beneficial.

The stranger in Newport soon becomes familiar with the name of Touro. It was the name of a Jewish family prominent in Newport a century ago, and is perpetuated in street and park. A hundred years ago the Hebrews formed a large and honorable portion of the community in Newport. The Jewish synagogue, for many years the only place of Hebrew worship in America, was dedicated in 1763. Over the gateway is the inscription: "Erected 5603, from a bequest made by Abraham Touro." The Hebrews compute time from the creation. Near the synagogue is the Jewish cemetery, and both are kept in perfect order from a fund left by one of the Touro family. The deed of the ancient burial-place of the Jews is dated in 1677; but now the Hebrews of Newport seem to be extinct, and both synagogue and cemetery remain surrounded by a mysterious silence, guarded, as it were, by unseen hands.

It is said that nearly all the Russian officers wear a ring with a turquois stone. This is supposed to secure good luck. In the language of stones—for they, as well as the flowers, have a language—the turquois means protection against violent death. One thing is clear; the officers have the opportunity for testing the superstition.

One of the novel features of the great exhibition at Paris next year will be that, instead of being closed at dusk, it will be open in the evening, and illuminated by electric light.

In these days of swift-going steam-ships, the remarkable voyage of Captain Crapo and his wife across the Atlantic in a little twenty-foot boat seems an uncalled-for, hazardous experiment. During their passage of forty-nine days they encountered seven gales, three very heavy ones, lost much of their clothing overboard, slept on wet beds, and at one time the captain was obliged to steer seventy hours without cessation, so fearful was the weather. They appear to have no desire to repeat this experiment, as Mrs. Crapo writes to a friend that "nothing would induce them to undertake the voyage again."

More than 5,000,000 cans of corn are now packed in Maine annually, and sold in various parts of the world, giving employment to from 8000 to 10,000 persons during the packing season.

The first naval encounter in the present Eastern war recently took place between the *Vesta*, a small Russian steamboat, and a Turkish Monitor. After a sharp conflict of five hours, the *Vesta* was obliged to withdraw, but not until she had succeeded in throwing bombs with such effect as to prevent the Turkish vessel from attempting a pursuit. The commander of the *Vesta* has been decorated with the highest military order of the Russian Empire for his bravery.

The old New York Post-office has been undergoing extensive repairs and alterations, and has been let, it is said, to a Boston gentleman, who is to use it as an auction mart.

An exchange says that the young ladies at Long Branch complain that the scarcity of young gentlemen there is something unprecedented. They are therefore thrown greatly upon their own resources, and are forced to be sociable with each other. Their pastimes are few and simple: there is some reading, more sewing, most talking; little walking, less swimming, most croquet. After breakfast comes the matutinal drive, after lunch the daily nap, after dinner a drive, or, if the weather is unfavorable, the regular gathering in the corridor, to listen to the music and to discuss the events or the unevents of the day.

The improvement in American manufactures is strongly set forth in the following statement from the London *World:*

> "Nothing more important has ever happened in the history of English trade than the threatened displacement of our cotton manufactures by those of America. Piece goods from the Lonsdale Mills of New York State are now sold in every town in England at a lower price and of better quality than English goods of a nominally corresponding grade."

The article then goes on to speak of the great falling off in the products of the Lancashire mills, and warns the manufacturers that they must bestir themselves or they will be beaten in their own fields by their American rivals.

The Commissioners of the Paris Exposition of 1878 have appropriated $10,000 to aid artisans who have meritorious objects to exhibit of their own construction, but who have not means to defray the expenses of exhibition.

A Norman applied to a lady who is summering at Etretat, for employment.

"But, my good man," replied the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do."

"Ah, madame," was the answer, "if you only knew how little work it would take to occupy me!"

The *British Medical Journal* urges upon consumptive people the consideration that it is *living in the open air* in a fine climate that is really beneficial to them, and not the mere climate itself. In proof of which it cites several instances. It is well known that a life in the open air, with moderate exercise, will often prove curative to the lungs, even when there is no change made in residence. Yet a pure, dry air is of great value in such diseases.

Comfortable homes for artisans and for laborers have been recently erected by a London association near Battersea Park. Each tenement consists of three rooms, and great care is taken in regard to sanitary arrangements. The buildings were formally opened in June by the Earl of Beaconsfield, and will be called the "Victoria Dwellings," in consideration of the interest manifested by the Queen in this movement.

A recent history of American uniforms brings to light the fact that the gray of the Southern Confederacy was the regulation dress of the American armies which fought at Chippewa and Niagara in 1812, and was adopted at West Point in commemoration of those victories. It is still quite extensively worn by Northern regiments, and is the prevailing color in all military schools; and for economy and quietness it is doubtless preferable to the blue.

A valuable memento of American independence is to be presented to Queen Victoria by the government of the United States. It is a state paper—"The Administrators of the United States Government at the Beginning of its Second Century"—and consists of a large sheet with an allegorical representation of the States, and the signatures of 401 government officials, ranging from the President to the Representatives. The paper bears at the top an eagle grasping a shield, olive branches, the cap of Liberty, and a scroll inscribed with the word "Constitution." On each side of the bird is a stand of colors, the whole resting on a representation of Plymouth Rock, which bears the date 1776–1876, and the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum." The border consists of fagots, typifying the original thirteen States, bound together with a band of stars, while above these are olive and oak branches—peace and strength—and a shield with similar emblems appears at each corner. This document is hermetically sealed between plates of glass, and was shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition.

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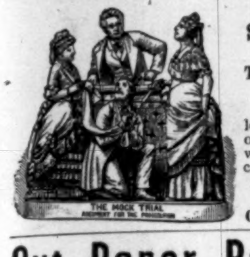

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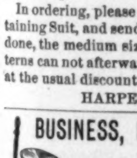

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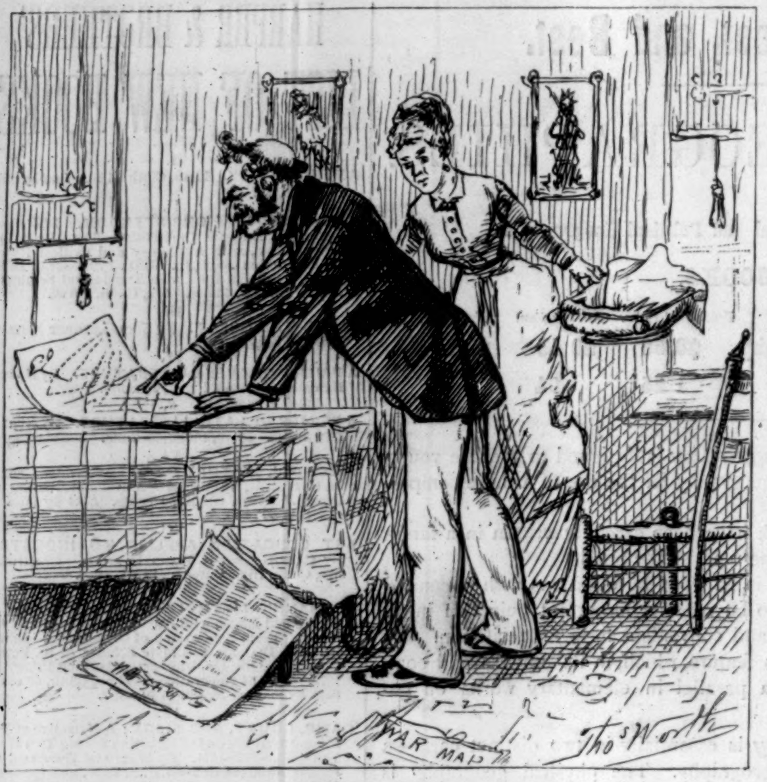

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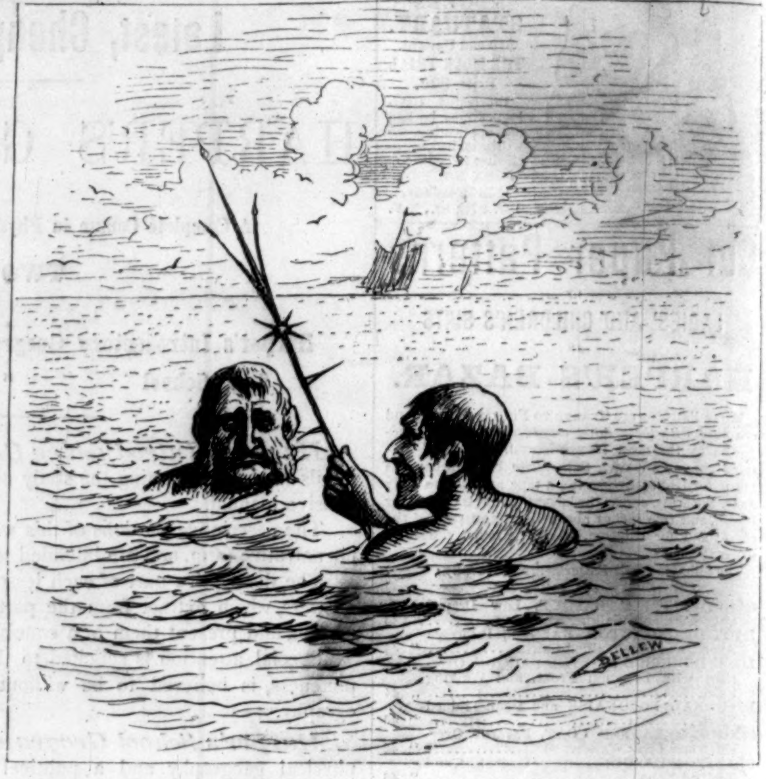

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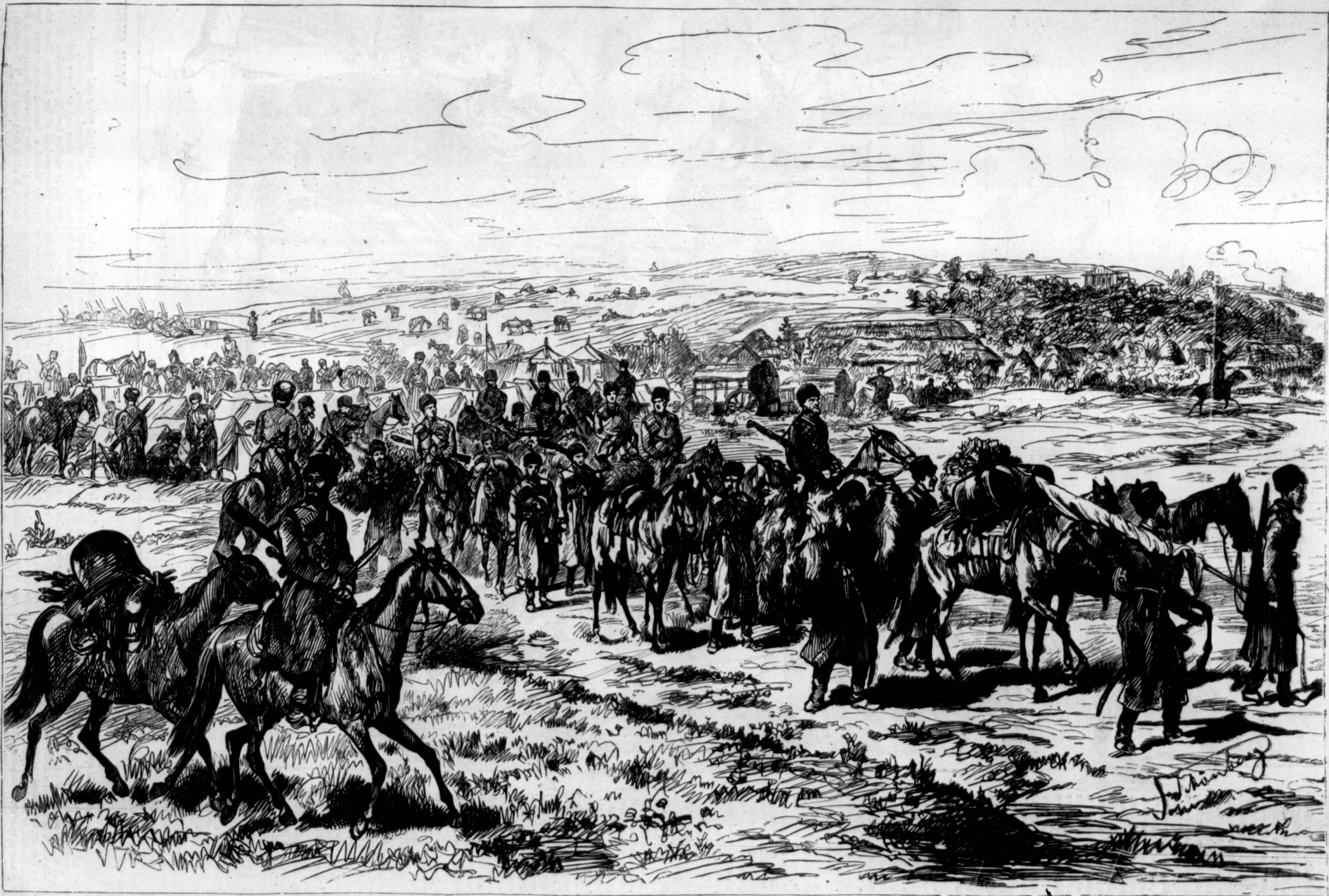


WAR SKETCHES—BREAKING UP A CAMP OF COSSACKS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

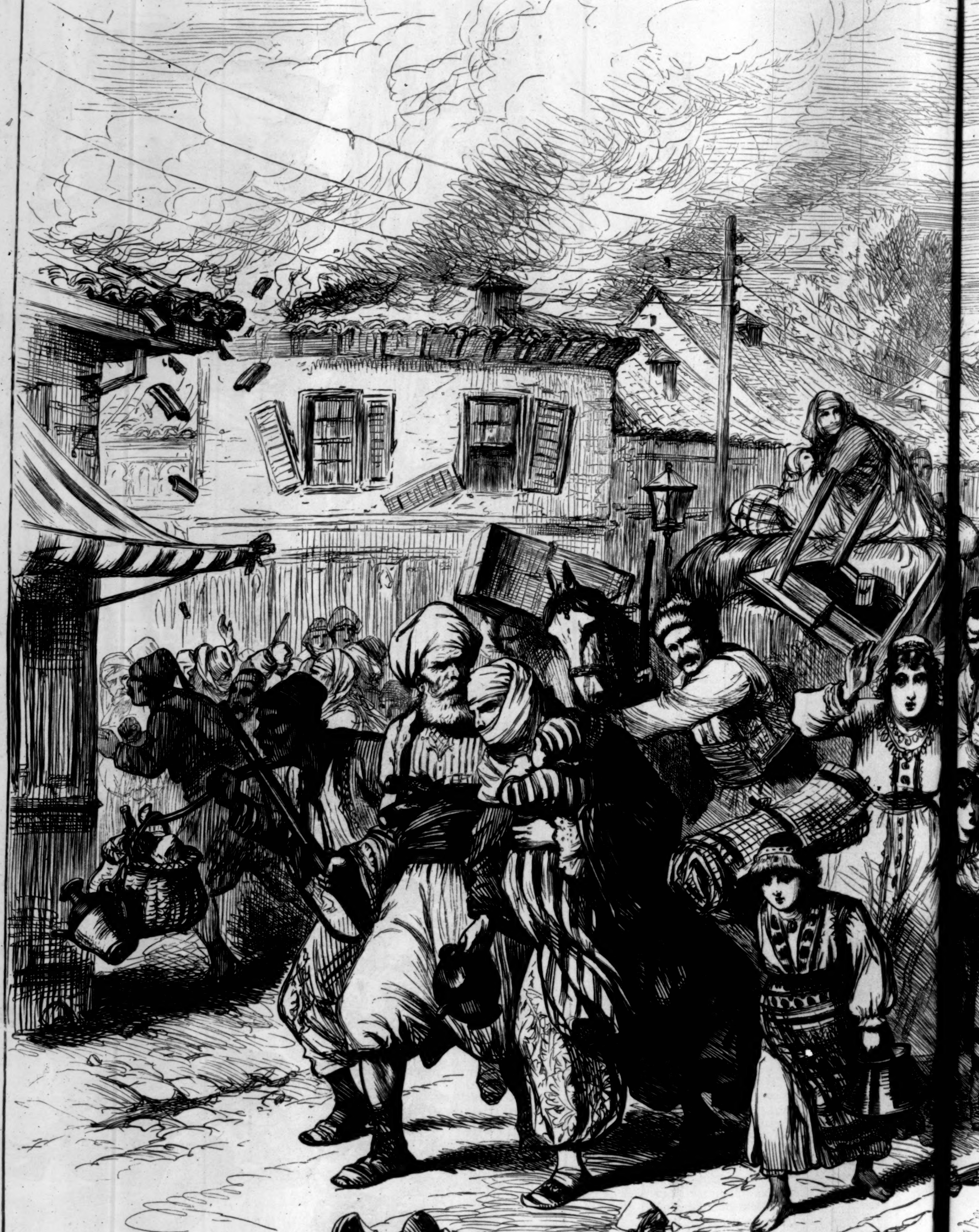
WAR SKETCHES.

The Cossack cavalry of Russia, though regarded as a wild and irregular class of soldiers through their restlessness and aversion to discipline, when preparing for a move show an amount of order and system that entitles them to great credit. They are nomads by instinct and habit, and so accustomed to folding their tents like the Arab and silently stealing away, or rather riding away on their rough little ponies, that when called upon to break up their encampments and remove elsewhere, they accomplish the necessary manœuvres with the smallest possible amount of disorder and confusion.

The long habit of providing for himself in a predatory manner during peace has made the Cossack most successful in foraging for himself in time of war. They supply their own horses, clothes, and arms, together with all necessaries except food. This the government is supposed to provide; but the scanty allowance the troops receive would scarcely afford them subsistence if it were not supplemented by their own exertions. The pay of a Cossack is only seven rubles every four months. Thus the Czar obtains his irregular horse at the cost of less than fifteen dollars a year for each man, to which is added only an insignificant amount spent for rations. The Cossacks, too, furnish a guard for the Emperor, and are generally petted a little, though, with the pride of irregulars, they think themselves neglected in favor of the regular cavalry. If a man lose his horse in battle, he either gets another or joins a company which fights on foot, for they are trained shots and good skirmishers.

Still the Cossack seems to lose his individuality when deprived of his pony. The shaggy little quadruped appears to be the inseparable complement of the man. There is an understanding between master and horse that shows how accustomed they are to be in each other's society. One of the most noticeable features of a Cossack camp is the lines of horses standing tethered to long ropes, without danger of movement from their places or damage from ropes in front of them. If a foreleg passes over the rope where they are tethered, they remain quiet, or call with voice almost human in its expressiveness the man who knows how to loose them.

The Cossacks are the descendants of Russian men who were banished to the lonely regions of the Terek and the Don, chiefly because their religious belief was not orthodox. Their women were not permitted to accompany them, so they began to make raids on the Caucasus for wives. Hence came two effects. The beauty of the race was improved by the mixture of Circassian blood, and a desperate feud grew between the Terek Cossacks and the husbands or fathers of the stolen beauties, who did not, like the Sabine women, succeed in reconciling the antagonists. Thus, though always a mixed race from the beginning, it is a true race.



WAR SKETCHES—THE B

In appearance the Cossacks are fine-looking men, generally tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, and with an air of being well cared for and well fed. Indeed, the type seems to incline rather to stoutness than to loss of flesh as time turns hair and beard gray. The dress sets off the figure well. Loose baggy breeches, tucked into boots without stiff soles, are almost entirely concealed by the single-breasted surtout, which is generally richly colored in their own country, but during the war is, for the sake of distinction, to be always black. Beneath the outer coat is another, or rather a skirt, of the same shape, and lighter in texture, and colored according to the regiment. The color for the Tereks is blue. The hair of the men is generally black in youth, but after the age of thirty it becomes prematurely streaked with gray. There is nothing false or theatrical about these men. They are simply following their national customs and their instincts, which are those of children. Their vanity is pardonable, for their mothers belonged to the fairest race of women in the world, while their ancestors were pure Russians from Moscow and the regions of the Volga. And yet, although religious persecution drove these ancestors from their homes, there are now among the men of each regiment many Mohammedans, who are known by their wearing white shirts instead of blue. There appears to be no difference in their treatment from that of the others.

The childish nature of the Cossack is shown by his amusements, which might be those of a school-boy. They fill out the leisure hours of camp life by riding, racing, and frolicking in a manner that is most inharmonious with the grave expression of their Caucasian features. If a visit is to be made to another camp, a number of men go in a body shouting and screaming like children just escaped from school. Nothing seems to tire them out or lower their spirits. Dancing is another favorite recreation. A military correspondent of the London *Times*, who recently visited a Cossack encampment near Simnitza, gives the following description of the manner in which the troops amuse themselves;

"The evening had apparently been given up to feasting and music, the Terek Cossacks especially distinguishing themselves by the wildness of their revels. Heari
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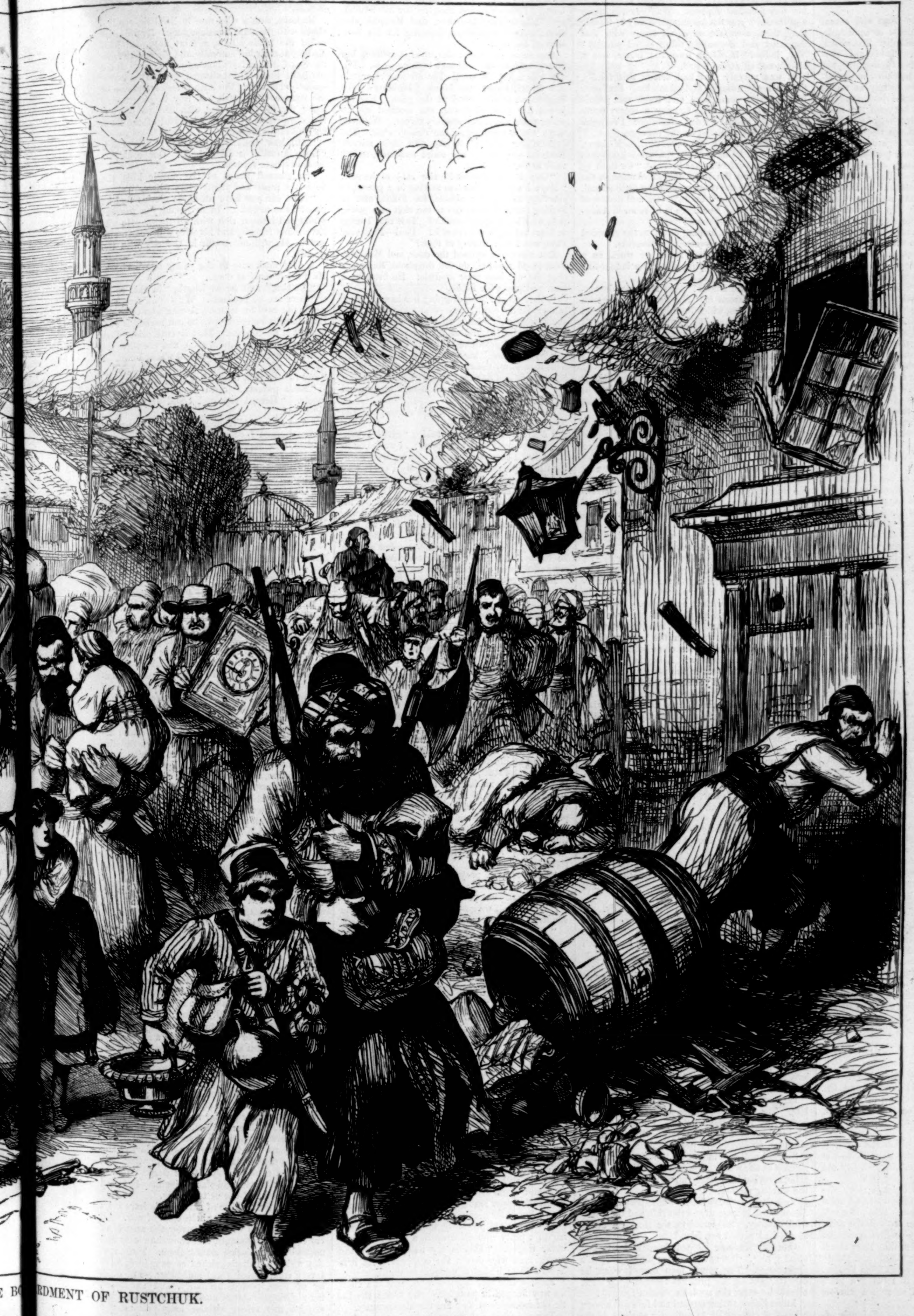

E BO RDMENT OF RUSTCHUK.

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ch they the movements of certain dancers—men of the same regiment, who stepped out two by two and performed, not without grace, what can only be described as a ballet. They stood on tiptoe, advanced and retreated, curved their arms, elevating and depressing them in a certain rhythmic cadence, and when the dance was over bowed gracefully to the men around them, who all the while had kept time by striking their hands together. The music was essentially barbarous—two drums, a sort of squeaking instrument like a short cracked clarionet, and, further, a wild chant kept up by the spectators. The singing was not out of tune, but the air was of the simplest, consisting of only about three or four notes in all, which rose and fell in what must for want of any other name be called a tune. After a little dancing, more or less comic, seven men linked their arms, while others climbed upon their shoulders, forming a second circle above. This was done very quickly, and the living cage then moved round and round to the sound of the wild music. While these men were gyrating with grins and shouts, amid the applause of the rest, two others, dressed in ragged costume to represent the most savage races of the Caucasus, bounded within the cage, as it may be called, and commenced a pantomimic dance with much gesticulation and shouting. They pretended to attack each other, or rather to wish to attack, while mutually prevented by fear. The acting was excellent, though full of buffoonery, and their jokes called forth roars of laughter from the crowd. In fact, they acted exactly like a couple of clowns in a circus, and played their parts admirably, the cage continuing always to gyrate round them. The fierce faces of the crowd were contorted with laughter, and the tone of it was like a roar or growl. Yet the men were all under discipline, for at a word from an officer they drew themselves up straight at attention and obeyed the slightest hint with alacrity, always making way for the stranger to see well what was going on. Meanwhile wine circulated freely among the officers in tumblers, and men were always on the watch to fill an empty or half-empty glass. There were shouts from deep throats and clashing glasses as they drank healths even while the game was proceeding. At last the performers were tired and the cage broken up, when two Cossacks in their proper dress sprang forward with poniards in each hand and danced a war dance, threatening each other, and sometimes placing the points of their poniards to their own breasts and backs, even to their faces just under their eyes. One of them, with a savage satisfaction, uncontrolled by thought, pressed both poniards so closely to his skin as to draw blood, just as boys do sometimes from sheer wantonness of energy.

"Then came a new dance, and when it was over we had out some horses of different breeds to look at—ugly little beasts, some of them, but showing good points—evidently animals that would endure much work. On speaking of the riding of the men and training of the horses, our hosts offered to show what the Cossacks and their horses can do. In about a minute a straight run was cleared, a fur cap thrown down, and instantly a string of horsemen charged at full gallop. As they neared the cap, each in turn swung himself round in his saddle, so as to reach the ground with his hand, and snatched at the cap. There were many misses, as there are at tent-pegging, and some tremendous falls; but whenever the rider fell, though he rolled over like a ball, he kept hold of the bridle, and his little horse stopped short in full career. I threw down a little forage cap that I was wearing, and offered a piece of money to the man who should pick it up. It was missed once, but seized by the second rider, and held up in triumph. Then we sat down outside the colonel's tent to drink wine and tea, apparently without any apparent reason for one or the other, except that the evening was warm, and that tea and wine correct each other. There were not many of us, but somehow or other we succeeded in finding the bottom of two small casks of wine amid a good deal of excited talk and healths. Always the men danced and sang outside. A Cossack officer attached to the head-quarters of the Grand Duke arrived. We drank his health, and the men picked him up bodily and threw him into the air several times, always catching him again. He was big and burly, but the arms beneath him were strong, and he rose and fell like a shuttlecock till, at a word from the colonel, they set him down again."

Our double-page engraving carries us across the Danube to Rustchuk. This unhappy town, reduced to ruin and desolation by Russian shot and shell, is one of the most important fortified points in Bulgaria, and forms the northwest corner of the great Turkish quadrilateral. The defenses of the place consist of the old fortified girdle and a series of independent outworks. The *enceinte* faces toward the Danube, and consists of eleven bastioned fronts with proportionally short curtains. The ditch is from 50 to 60 feet wide and 1½ fathoms deep. The scarp and counter-scarp are of masonry. The bastions are each armed with from four to six